

The Nation.

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The Week.

Having insisted for months that he was going to leave the settlement of all perplexing questions about "our new possessions" to the wisdom of Congress, and having in the meantime refused to convene Congress for that purpose, the next step for the President is to advise Congress to take plenty of time to think it over, and not to do anything about these matters at its approaching regular session. The Washington correspondent of that strong party organ and earnest supporter of the expansion policy, the *Boston Journal*, is authority for the statement that Mr. McKinley now contemplates taking this stand. "The President sees," says this correspondent, "that it would be a mistake to remove Cuba and the Philippines from executive control at present," and he "feels that in existing circumstances they can best be handled by the executive alone without legislative coöperation." For these reasons it is reported that he will refrain from making specific recommendations to Congress in regard to civil administration, "leaving the inference to be drawn that Congress should not meddle with the business until there has been opportunity for political discussion and until public sentiment has ripened." The time has been when such an attitude on the part of the executive would have provoked indignant protests from the American people. But so large a number of prominent Republicans have taken the position that Mr. McKinley ought to be implicitly trusted from the 4th of March until the first Monday of December, that there probably will not be much opposition if the President shall insist upon being trusted as implicitly after the meeting of Congress.

From time to time the chorus of praise for the wisdom with which the McKinley Administration governs the nation is disturbed by a cry of indignation against the treatment of the army-canteen question. Temperance organizations and clerical assemblies occasionally give frank expression to the bitterness which is felt on account of the nullification of the law passed by Congress last winter which was intended to break up the sale of liquor in camp. Sometimes an attempt is made to excuse a good President as the victim of a bad Attorney-General's advice, but the Methodist Conference of California, at its recent session, refused to let off Mr. McKinley, adopting resolutions which not only condemn the dilatory policy of the Administration in reference to

the anti-canteen law, but also "insist that the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States has the power to destroy the canteen," and further insist upon the early vindication of the law of Congress by the rightful exercise of the power of the President in compliance with the demands of a righteously indignant people. Meanwhile, the discussion as to the wisdom of the legislation in question continues, and the defenders of the canteen, as well as its assailants, are collecting evidence to sustain their respective positions. Much is being made by the latter of the fact that the sale of liquor in Canadian camps was prohibited some time ago, and that there does not seem to be any movement towards a return to the old system.

Brother McKinley will have the whole bench of Methodist Bishops full tilt after him with a no-popery cry if he doesn't look out. Here is a clergyman writing in the *Independent* of the awful doings of the Scarlet Woman in the Philippines. It seems that this good man, the Rev. N. H. Harriman, went to the Philippines as a would-be Protestant missionary, and was practically thrown down and out by the American military authorities. At Cebu "the military governor sent for the writer and peremptorily ordered him not to sell any more tracts and Testaments." That was bad enough, but the reason given was worse: the Spanish priests were "complaining." That is the stone of stumbling for Mr. Harriman. "The Catholic church has the field." Otis is hand in glove with the Archbishop. All responsible positions are, when possible, filled with Catholics. Otis is as meek as a lamb before Catholic insults. The editor of the Archbishop's personal organ became so violently abusive of all things American that he was sentenced to imprisonment and a fine of \$5,000. Otis cut the fine down to \$250 and remitted the imprisonment; moral (according to Mr. Harriman), our Government was afraid of the Archbishop. There is even a "well-defined rumor," nearly a "confident assertion," in official circles in Manila that the Archbishop receives from the public treasury \$12,000 a year. Yet Aguinaldo, cries Mr. Harriman, might far more suitably have a salary, as he is at least a friend of the natives, while the Archbishop is "neither that nor a friend to America." These are awful tales for the *Independent* to print without rebuke.

It was made very clear by the message which the *Herald* published on Tuesday week, from its Philippine correspondent via Hong Kong, that the censorship has

not been removed. If it were not in force still, why should the correspondent be compelled to send this news to Hong Kong in order to get it through to this country? That Gen. Otis should not be willing to have it sent is obvious from its character, for it reveals a state of affairs which confirms all that has come from various sources heretofore about his blundering management. He is going ahead on the same old line of taking towns only to abandon them immediately, and then retake and reabandon them again whenever he considers that such futile operations, involving needless loss of life, are necessary to enable him to help the McKinley Administration to reelect itself by means of news of "victories" in the war. What the *Herald* correspondent says of the policy that Otis is pursuing, coincides exactly with what all competent authorities, including naval and army officers on the scene, have said. How long is the McKinley Administration going to uphold him in it? Is his retention necessary in order to carry Ohio? Is the carrying of Ohio so important that the lives of American soldiers must be sacrificed to accomplish it?

The *Sun* publishes an interview with Secretary Gage on the present tightness of money, a regularly recurring phenomenon of the autumn season, and more or less severe according as the traffic of the country is more or less heavy and congested. He said, according to this authority, that

"The needs of the interior of the country each autumn on account of agricultural expenditures will be conveniently met by the power of the banks to issue circulating notes, and the needs of industry will coincide with the desire of the bankers to make their profits, and the value of the power to issue notes will be felt in the interior where the farm industries are going on, and not in the usual centres of money activity, where the bank currency is not needed and will not circulate."

Secretary Gage, the correspondent says, will develop this argument in considerable detail in his forthcoming report, and urge Congress to take the action which he advocates. If he is convinced that a banknote currency can be made safe to the public without bond security deposited in the national treasury, and if he can bring his party friends to the same belief, the vexed problem will be solved very soon. The plan proposed by the Indianapolis Currency Commission, or the one known as the McCrary bill of the last House, will in that case become a fresh issue in our home politics, following directly after the proposed measure to strengthen the gold standard by law.

When the question of the standard

is once settled, the question of currency amendment will be the next thing in order. It may not be taken up at the coming session of Congress, but it will be on the carpet and will be reached just as soon as more pressing matters are cleared off, such as the Philippine question. One fact is looming up which may tend to hasten the currency debate—that is, the payment of the national debt. As soon as our war expenditures are cut down, and, perhaps, even before, the accumulations of revenue will be applied to the payment of the Government bonds and the extinguishment of the interest thereon. The maturity of the 4 per cents of 1907 is not far distant. They can be bought now at 112. The 5 per cents issued by the Cleveland Administration mature in 1904, and these are selling at 110 to 111. The purchase or payment of these or of any bonds will disturb the basis of the present national banknote currency and hasten its retirement. There is no escape from this conclusion unless we keep the national debt alive purposefully and perpetually, in order to keep the present national banknotes alive. This is not possible under our form of government, and ought not to be. A change is inevitable, and it is very probable that Secretary Gage has been prompted by it to cast about for something to take the place of the existing system.

Some gratifyingly frank testimony regarding the financial methods of "industrial" promoters was laid before the Industrial Commission last week. Ex-Judge Moore of Chicago, whose title to authority, as the personal promoter of six Trusts with the modest total capitalization of \$236,000,000, is undisputed, was asked to explain how such capitalization is arranged. He answered that the company, when seeking to absorb a rival mill or corporation, offers the owner either cash down or \$100 in preferred stock and \$100 in common stock for every \$100 cash valuation. Inasmuch as the Trust is almost invariably the bidder on such occasions, it is evident, from Judge Moore's statement, that the capital of the Trust itself will eventually be very much more than double the actual value of its plant. It is hardly to be supposed that the mill-owner, with an urgent and open bid for his property in the market, will sell except at a large advance over his own estimate of its value, and, as a matter of fact, none of them has sold except on such a basis. Nor, indeed, is this all the "water" in the stock. Judge Moore admitted that the common stock of his industrial combinations was usually \$10,000,000 larger than the amount of the preferred stock. Asked as to what became of this extra ten millions, Judge Moore's memory suddenly became uncertain. A good many people in Wall Street, where such operations are

"financed," could have given more definite information. The ten million dollars is the price paid for the services of the promoter who pleads with competing mill-owners, and of the banking syndicate which looks after the Stock Exchange end of the operation.

Other witnesses of the day, comprising chiefly presidents of the large "industrial" concerns, set forth the financial advantages of such combinations. Saving in cost of management by single corporate control, saving in cost of raw material by purchasing in quantity, saving in cost of marketing by use of a smaller staff of agents, saving in freight charges by shipping to or from the nearest plants—these various economies were cited with considerable force. That such economies have been and are achieved is not denied, we suppose, by any one, nor is there any good reason to believe that, taking the Trusts as a whole, they have artificially advanced the price of their products. If they had done this on any considerable scale, great expansion in import of competing foreign manufactures must have followed; whereas the fact is, that, in the eight first months of 1899, import of finished manufactures into the United States ran only \$7,000,000 beyond the same period in 1898, and was \$17,000,000 less than in 1897. Such a showing may reassure people who buy the merchandise of the Trusts, but whether it will help out the people who buy their shares is another question. Not long ago, the stock of one of the companies organized by Judge Moore was quoted on an excited market at \$99 per share for the preferred stock and \$52 per share for the common. Here, then, was a total of \$151 asked for the \$100 preferred and \$100 common, which, by the testimony of the organizer himself, were allotted for every \$100 cash valuation, on the basis which we have described already. On the whole, it is not remarkable that when Wall Street and the "outside public" began to think, the Stock Exchange valuation of these very shares should have been cut down abruptly 20 to 40 per cent.

The address which the Republican county committee has put forth in advocacy of the fusion ticket is a notable document in several respects. Whatever may be the result of the election in November, this document commits the party to the principle of non-partisanship in city affairs so squarely that nothing, except open repudiation of its own official utterances will enable it to resume its former "straight-ticket" position. "As Republicans," say the writers of the address, "we have subordinated every purely partisan interest in the construction of this ticket, in the belief that the government of a great municipality

should be conducted upon purely business principles. In coöperating for the election of this ticket, we ask no man to surrender his convictions upon State or national politics." That is the platform of the Citizens' Union and of all other advocates of good municipal government, and, in placing itself upon it, the Republican organization severs itself from its past as completely as possible. Scarcely less of a departure is its pledging the influence of the Republican organization in the next Legislature for the support of the bill enabling the Governor to appoint a commission, composed of eminent and experienced citizens of Greater New York, to revise the city charter. These two declarations constitute of themselves sufficient reason for the hearty support of the fusion ticket by all independents, but the ticket itself is worthy of such support without the address.

Mr. Mazet's announcement that Gen. Tracy will be summoned as a witness before his committee, when it resumes its inquiry on October 31, calls forth interesting observations from several quarters. The *Tribune*, with that calm impartiality which marks nowadays all its comments upon Platt Republican politics, says this action is "belated and inadequate," that it will not give the party the assistance it requires in the campaign, and that Tracy without Platt, no matter what Tracy may say, "will not take the reproach of the whole dishonest plot from the leader." Curiously enough, Mr. Croker takes a similar view. He predicts that the committee will whitewash Tracy in the Ramapo matter, but adds: "If they'd go ahead and ask the proper questions, they'd get some interesting facts. I could supply a lot of questions." So he could, without doubt, not only on Ramapo but other matters, and what an invaluable public service it would be were the committee to allow him to do so. If he were to be permitted to examine Platt, and if subsequently he were to take the stand and Platt were allowed to examine him, this public would learn more about modern government than it has ever been permitted to know before, provided each boss were to examine the other as to the jobs and deals they had been engaged in, either together or separately.

Why is it that Gov. Roosevelt cannot tell the full truth about the canal scandal and his own disposition of it? He has had three opportunities to do so now and has failed each time. In his famous Hornellsville speech, in response to an inquirer who was "not quite sober," he said that his special counsel, Fox and Macfarlane, had "found that the charges made by you and your type were infamous lies and slanders." Later, he said in a speech at Watertown that these

gentlemen had found that "nothing had been done which would justify bringing an action against any public official, or would afford the slightest chance of securing a conviction," adding: "In short, the whole charge that there had been criminal misconduct on the part of any of the high canal officials fell to the ground." Speaking at Cincinnati on Saturday night, he said in answer to a newspaper inquiry on the subject: "After a full and careful investigation, these lawyers, whose conclusion would not be and cannot be questioned by any reputable member of the bar in New York State, reported that there would be no justification for their indictment; no justification for the prosecution of any public official." Did they say that, and that only? The Governor, whose perpetual boast is that he is a "square man," knows that what they said was quite different from that. They said it would be useless to prosecute the canal officials because the statute of limitations covered a large part of the contracts which were said to be fraudulent, and because a Republican Legislature had been induced to pass a supplementary act giving them such unusual "discretionary powers" that they could do about what they pleased without danger of criminal prosecution. They not only said this, but they also said:

"Our decision to institute no criminal prosecutions on this evidence does not mean that in our opinion the officials charged with carrying out the great work of improving the canals have done their duty. The discretionary powers vested in the Superintendent of Public Works and the engineers by the contracts and statutes, pursuant to which the work was done, were unduly great and have been abused."

The American designer has proved his capacity to turn out a craft capable of defeating the best that can be produced by British ingenuity in all ordinary conditions of weather and practically all conditions of sailing. It is true that the only triangular race between Shamrock and Columbia was ended prematurely by an unfortunate accident, but there is no reason to suppose that Sir Thomas Lipton's boat could have won on that occasion, while a race of that particular description was not necessary to prove that Columbia could outfoot as well as outpoint her rival. She has, in fact, demonstrated her superiority both on and off the wind, and, curiously enough, seems to be quite as able a seaboat as her antagonist, in spite of the formidable bilge from which the latter, according to the experts, was to develop such power in a sea way. The poor "experts," indeed, are in a condition which must excite the sympathy of all charitably minded persons. Almost every prediction that they have made has been falsified. As for Sir Thomas Lipton, all admirers of a true sportsman will be sorry that he could not have one victory to lessen the sting of final defeat, but even

he probably will be ready to admit that it is much better that the victory should be conclusive than that any room should be left for quibbles or excuses.

The immense service which President Krüger did his dearest foe, Mr. Chamberlain, by going to war unnecessarily, is put beyond all question by the debate and the vote in the House of Commons on Thursday. In the presence of actual war, in the face of Mr. Balfour's appeals to present a "solid front," no less than 135 members—at least 60 of them exclusive of the irreconcilable Irish—voted for an amendment disapproving the Government's conduct of negotiations with the Transvaal. Suppose Krüger had waited, suppose he had appealed to the justice of the English people, instead of to the sword—is it not clear that the Commons would surely have prevented Mr. Chamberlain from forcing an unjust war upon the Boers? The truth is, that the Colonial Secretary was in a very awkward situation. He had to draft an ultimatum of his own, which he was not at all sure the country would back up, when suddenly the Boers came along with their ultimatum, and swept away all his difficulties at once. He could simply laugh at Harcourt when that gentleman pressed to know what the English ultimatum would have been. That was buried now in the grave which Krüger dug, and would never be resurrected. There never was such a great deliverance for a diplomatist in straits. "Oh, that mine enemy would go to war with me!" was Chamberlain's version of the Scripture saying; and lo! the enemy did it.

The riots in Bohemia are the first fruit of the endeavor of Count Clary, the new Austrian Premier, to undo the work of his predecessors regarding the official status of the German and Czech languages in that kingdom. For twenty years the struggle for lingual supremacy between the two nationalities has been going on, and there is little likelihood of its being ended by the new ministry. It began under Count Taaffe, the head of the famous "reconciliation" ministry; and after Prince Windischgrätz had tried somewhat more conciliatory measures, the advances made by Taaffe to the Czechs were followed by a complete surrender of German interests under Count Badeni. He decreed the compulsory use of both German and Czech in Bohemia, regardless of the numerical strength of the German element in any given locality, and it was this measure which led to the many disgraceful scenes in the Austrian Reichsrath. The short-lived ministry of Baron Gautsch substituted for the bilingual ordinance a law making German the official language in German districts and Czech that in Czech districts; but the constitutionality of this

law was questioned by both parties, and in the end both were equally dissatisfied. Count Thun, who has just retired, also tried to grapple with the troublesome problem, but as his policy was in the main as reactionary and pro-Slavic as that of Taaffe and Badeni, and as, moreover, he was compelled to surrender completely to the Hungarians in the matter of the Compromise, the customs regulations, and the renewal of the bank privilege, the Germans remained as hostile as ever. Count Clary, who professes to belong to no party, will now doubtless repeal the ordinance so obnoxious to the Germans, and submit to the Reichsrath a draft of some new law, which, if at all favorable to the Germans, is certain to be fiercely attacked by the Opposition. As in the past, the reactionary elements that will range themselves on the side of the Czechs will contain, besides Poles, Slovaks, etc., the German Ultramontanes, who subordinate race questions to Romish preferences. Judging from the disturbances reported, the Czechs will probably resort to the policy of obstruction with which they threatened Count Clary as soon as he took office. As for the German Liberals and Nationalists, they are certain to continue in that attitude of uncompromising hostility to Slavic aspirations which causes so many of them, patriotic Austrians though they profess to be, to look to Berlin rather than Vienna for the eventual solution of their problems.

The unconcealed nervousness of the French Government over the great strike at Creusot has puzzled some people. Why the alarm? Why should the Prime Minister himself undertake to arbitrate the dispute? The reason is to be found in the evidence brought out before the High Court, implicating the royalists in a plot to overthrow the republic. In that it was made clear that no form of agitation, no organization whatever, was too petty or base to be despised as an instrument by the plotters. Anti-Semites, Anti-Dreyfusards, Socialists, revolutionists, labor agitators—all were welcomed, all were subsidized. The scheme seems to have been to make the Government appear so feeble, social order so disturbed, class so fiercely set against class, and the whole nation so contemptible, that royal Philippe would be welcomed as the saviour of society. He would save it, that is, from the results of his own methods of conspiracy. But he will have to try again. The tall chimneys at Creusot are smoking once more, the workmen having cheerfully accepted M. Waldeck-Rousseau's arbitral decision. This, by the way, while recognizing the labor union as a lawful and desirable organization, distinctly determined that men should be taken back to work quite irrespective of the fact whether they belonged to it or not.

NEW FICTIONS IN GOVERNMENT.

The President returns to Washington confident that "his sworn brother, the people," is with him. He may have been doubtful before his stump-speaking tour whether he had a popular mandate to subjugate the Filipinos, but now he is certain of it. Did not "1. Citizen" in Chicago yell to "2. Cit.," in the fine and conclusive manner of a Roman populace, that McKinley is all right? When he declared his purpose to make the flag in the Philippines a symbol of liberty and humanity to all the men in those islands who, for their part, simply know that they are being enslaved and slaughtered by his orders, did not the cheers of the crowd come to his pleased ears like the sound of many waters? Do not ask if the same people did not afterwards go to hear Mr. Cöckran, and cheer just the opposite sentiment just as madly. They shouted at McKinley's eloquence, and that is enough for him.

"And the poor Pope was sure that it was so,
Else wherefore should the people kiss his toe?"

We shall not deny that Mr. McKinley is quite right. For all we know, the people may be with him, but what we insist upon to-day is, that, for all he knows, the people may be against him. What we do deny is, that the gathering of shouting thousands about the special car containing the President is any trustworthy proof that they approve the President's course. Uncle Sam, despite his reputation for reticence and impassivity, dearly loves notabilities. Notable for what, does not make much difference. It may be a President, or simply a man who wants to oust that President; it may be a great hero or a great villain; a champion prize-fighter or a noted saint—after either the crowd will run with noble impartiality. We need not remind Mr. McKinley of the fallaciousness or a cheering mob as a test of real sentiment. He himself had the crowds in 1892, but somebody else had the votes. In 1896, Mr. Bryan had the crowds, but a far greater than he the votes. At the very moment when Mr. McKinley was in the West thanking God and taking courage at the sight of his applauding audiences, Mr. Bryan was also there and also uplifted and made confident by the hoarse cheers which greeted him. Which is right in thinking himself the darling of the people?

Nobody knows. Nobody will know until the people leave off yelling and begin voting. It is only a pleasant little fiction of Mr. McKinley's that he knows any more now about what the people want done in the Philippines, than he did before the star of his empire took its way westward. A boy, flinging his ball against a dead wall, and delightedly getting it back again as a proof that the wall wanted to take a hand in the game, would be fully as much of a philosopher as a President uttering some

banal sentiment about the flag, then, waiting for cheers, and then seeing in the cheers a sure token of popular approval of all that he was doing. No, there are too many traps and disappointments about this way of testing public feeling. The "cheap numerosity of a stage army" is nothing to the way a vast crowd sometimes melts away into a beggarly array of votes. A man with his ear to the ground may swear he hears the tread of a million feet, though all the while it may be only two boys in the next street, skilled in the art of making a noise. There is one way, and one way only, of finding out what the people think and wish; and that is the way laid down in the Constitution and marked out by common sense—namely, counting their votes.

Gov. Roosevelt gave us on Saturday another illustration of this easy way of taking fiction for fact in matters of government. He scouted the notion that this Philippine war is of the President's own making. Congress declared it, snapped Mr. Roosevelt. How did he know that? Why, the army bill which Congress passed called for 100,000 men, didn't it? And everybody knew that no such number of men was needed except for the Philippines, didn't he? And what better proof do you want that Congress declared war on the Filipinos? Here we have the doctrine of "intention"—not the legal one, but the Jesuitic, the one which Pascal exposed so wittily. Because Gov. Roosevelt intended to use the army against the Filipinos, because Hanna flitted back and forth between the White House and the Capitol in reference to the bill, because it was well understood among the knowing, therefore Congress meant it just as they did. But this way of interpreting a statute brings it down to a trial of shouting power. If we could out roar Gov. Roosevelt—which Heaven forefend—we should maintain, and should, by his methods, prove, that the troops were never intended for use against the Filipinos. And we should have on our side the distinct legal advantage of the fact that, in the clause of the army bill fixing the size of the army, the word Philippines is not so much as mentioned.

But the whole thing is absurd. If we can get out of crowds along the railway any sort of popular endorsement we desire; if we can read into statutes of Congress any purpose that we should like to see expressed there, we have come into the region of bouffe government. The courts will scarcely hold that what Hanna and the President and Roosevelt and Platt intended to be law is, in fact, the law. To know what the people think of us, ask them to express their opinions by their ballots. To determine the meaning of a Congressional statute, read its language. The rest is vanity and vexation. As the poet protested, evi-

dently with his eye on McKinley and Roosevelt,

"Why should I say I see the things I see not?"

HOW TO REVERSE M'KINLEY.

It is no secret that the thoughts of many Republican leaders, not in the Hanna syndicate, are troubled upon their beds. The Philippine spectre affrights them in the night watches. The little of their anxiety which they reveal shows how deep is the perturbation to which they give no expression. At present they are only restlessly asking how it is possible to get out of the awful mess into which the President has plunged himself and his party by his Philippine policy. If Ohio goes Democratic, they will be asking how to get rid of the President himself. Just now, however, they are looking only for a change of methods, not of men. Is there any way, for good and loyal Republicans to bring the needed party pressure upon Mr. McKinley to make him reverse and undo his fatal policy of waging war upon the Filipinos?

This is the question to which Mr. Schurz referred in his speech at Chicago on Tuesday of last week, when he said it would not do simply to assert that we are in the Philippine pickle and must get out; we must get out the best way. Is McKinley's way the best way? It is not, say the Massachusetts Republicans in their platform. It is not, says Mr. Moorfield Storey, willing as an anti-imperialist to stand upon that platform. It is not, says ex-Senator Edmunds, in that skilfully and patriotically framed petition which he drew for consideration at Chicago. Mr. Edmunds would go over the President's head to Congress. Recognizing the folly and failure of Mr. McKinley's plan, he would go straight to the legislative power, to the only constitutional war-making power, and petition it to stop by legislation the war which the President has started on his own account.

That this can be done with perfect consistency by loyal Republicans is not generally perceived. It would be only going back to the position which the Republicans in the Senate took, almost unanimously, on the 14th of last February. On that day a resolution was passed by 26 ayes to 22 noes—all but four or five of the 26 being Republican Senators—declaring, first, that it was not the intention of the United States "to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States." That, then, is good party doctrine, and McKinley, who has recently asserted that the Philippines are as much a part of our territory as is Alaska or any one of the Territories, shows himself thereby a party bolter. Who is he that he should set himself up against the nearly unanimous voice of a Republican Senate?

But the resolution passed by Republican Senators on February 14 went much further. It set a plain seal of condemnation on McKinley's constant cry that the treaty settled everything; that it is idle to talk of doing anything with the islands except subjugate and keep them. On the contrary, the ultimate disposition of the islands was left an open question by the Republican Senate. After ratifying the treaty, which the President now says is a finality on all points, twenty-two Republican Senators voted that the ratification meant only an intention to "establish on said islands a government suitable to the wants and conditions of the inhabitants," and then "in due time make such disposition of said islands as will best promote the interests of the citizens of the United States and the inhabitants of said islands." What, in the light of this, is Mr. McKinley's "accomplished fact"? It is a bold invention of his own. He has fallen from the Republican faith, as it was expressed by a Republican Senate, and is no better than a party rebel. It is all *chose jugée*, he proclaims from every stump, though it is as clear as daylight that the Republican Senators meant to leave the whole question of the Philippines an open one, to be settled, not by ratifying the treaty, not by letting the President take a line of his own, but as wisdom and justice and our historic doctrines should, "in due time," direct us to, settle it.

Here, then, is a feasible way of reforming McKinley "within the party." Luckily, the party is not committed to his policy of conquest and annexation of the Philippines. All the State platforms have been gingerly and cautious in the extreme in resolving upon this question. Even in Ohio the convention went no further than to assert that a "wise" solution of the Philippine problem was much to be desired. The party could go back to where the Senate stood last February without a particle of difficulty, and determine to give the Filipinos independence, or to establish a protectorate over them, or to cede the islands to another Power. But is not the President too far committed? Could he, after his unyielding front on the Western stump, after his loud assertions that the steps taken are irrevocable, reverse himself? Everybody knows that he could do it without the flicker of an eyelash. His ineradicable convictions can be altered while you wait, and he would be just as true to flag and home afterwards. Let the troubled Republicans but get their party and Congress to advocate healing measures in the Philippines, in place of McKinley's war without parley, and they need not worry about the President's attitude. One good rub on the Aladdin's ring of party and popular disapproval will discover the jinn of the White House humbly asking what is wanted.

MILITARY AND WARLIKE NATIONS.

There was a distinction made in 1870, by a military writer, between the Germans and the French, the correctness of which was abundantly proved by subsequent events. The Germans, he said, were a military nation, while the French were only a warlike nation. What he meant by a military nation was a nation which had capacity for war as simple business, and used it solely as an instrument for having its own way in the settlement of disputes. A military nation, therefore, is a nation that keeps its army in a constant readiness for action, and carefully eliminates from its administration everything that may interfere with its efficiency.

The maintenance of discipline, the thoroughness of drill, the constant familiarity of every officer and man with all the details of their duties, the crushing out of all aspirations for individual distinction of any sort which does not spring from the regular working of the machine, the perfection of the commissariat, of the medical department, and of the transportation, are the things on which a military nation sets its heart and by which it judges of its preparedness for war. It is from these things, rather than from patriotism or love of glory, that it expects success in the field. In the German army, improvised displays of individual bravery are sternly repressed. An officer is not allowed to "rush on the foe" in order to enliven the home newspapers, unless he has been ordered to do so, and unless rushing on the foe contributes to the general success of the movement in which he is engaged. Nor is he allowed to publish accounts afterwards of his own exploits. We are not sure that literary efforts of this kind are formally forbidden, but they would injure an officer's standing among his fellows in his regiment and impede his promotion.

Gen. von Moltke was the creator of the present German staff, and the process was interesting and significant. An officer who had attracted his attention was summoned from his regiment to Berlin, and was retained for six months at headquarters, learning and practising the duties of the general staff. He reconnoitred and made sketch-maps of the neighboring country; he watched, catalogued, and located foreign armies; he made calculations as to the provisioning, marching, and transportation of troops, and made plans of what is called their "dislocation"—that is, their distribution for purposes of actual war. During this period it was not his capacity only which was under the close observation of his superiors. His character also was the subject of careful scrutiny. At the end of six months he returned, as a matter of course, to his regiment, in complete ignorance of the impression he had made, to be called on subsequently,

if that impression was favorable; to be forgotten, if not. It can be easily seen, that a frivolous man, or a man eager for notoriety, or a conceited man, or a man with an eye to politics, would not have a chance of retention. The Prussian staff was and is probably the best school of military character the world has seen. Its influence and example are felt in every regiment and battery. It was no wonder that the French military attaché in Berlin kept writing to the Tuileries, "*Méfiez-vous de l'état-major prussien.*" He; and, unhappily for the French, he alone, perceived clearly what was coming. A nation which has the patience, the foresight, the submission to authority necessary for the creation and maintenance of such a body, is what is called a military nation.

In striking contrast to this is what we may call the "warlike system" as displayed by the South in 1860; by the French in 1870, by us during the last two years, and now by the Boers. In all these cases we speak of wars begun by the warriors themselves at their own time, not of wars forced upon them. Under such a system, preparation for war, being rather irksome, is but little attended to. The main interest of the army and of the people lies not in getting ready to fight, but in fighting. The secret expectation of the public is the mediæval one, that the struggle will consist, in the main, of a series of personal encounters, as in the days when combats were the chief end of man. Insistence on preparation is looked on as a sign of reluctance to face the foe or of a lukewarm love of country. Patriotism, detestation of the enemy, a low opinion of his religion, reliance on the goodness of the cause, belief in the educating influence of war, confidence in the use of prayer, largely take the place of drills and discipline and collection of stores in getting ready for the battle-field.

Upon the warlike system friends of peace can make comparatively small impression, and it is probably in full operation in the Transvaal to-day. The population is generally drunk or crazy when war is declared. The peace-preacher finds himself in the midst of a crowd over which the considerations that usually govern human conduct have lost all influence. The most lucid demonstration of unreadiness is treated as the wailing of a coward. Any crack-brained youth who proposes to charge the foe, sword in hand, and cleave him to the waist, becomes an object of great hope and interest. The exploits of individuals are eagerly looked for. Yellow journals, girls, and monthly magazines complete the confusion.

The British are by no means exempt from the defects of the warlike system, but they are saved by a certain shyness and phlegm of temperament from the "miles gloriosus" with whom we are so

familiar, and who has, ever since Terence's time, been the shame and scandal of real soldiers. The hero of Rorke's Drift, a conflict which, under the warlike system, deserves an epic poem, never opened his lips or took pen in hand to speak of it in after years, and would have died of shame if the girls had rushed on him to kiss him. He died recently, in silence, from natural causes, without having received other reward than a very moderate promotion. On such men, those who hope to see disputes between civilized nations as well as between individuals settled by reason, naturally think it easier to make an impression than on men engaged in "holy wars."

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN THE NORTH.

A very exhaustive study of "The Philadelphia Negro" has recently been completed by Prof. Du Bois of Atlanta University. The inquiry was suggested and aided by members of the College Settlement, and was supported by the University of Pennsylvania, which now publishes its results. At first sight these results seem disproportionate to the labor expended; but a closer examination reveals some tendencies that may have importance. Nor can we forbear to notice the rapidity with which modern civilization advances, as suggesting the need of patience in dealing with the negro problem in the South.

It was not until after the civil war was over, and the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted, that the right of suffrage was formally conferred upon, or rather restored to, the negro citizens of Pennsylvania. The laws framed for Pennsylvania in 1682 specifically declared that freed servants or bondsmen were qualified electors, and it is probable that some negroes were included. The Constitution of 1790 mentioned no restriction of color; but in 1837 the Supreme Court held that a negro, although free, could not be a freeman in the constitutional sense. This construction was confirmed by the action of the Constitutional Convention of 1838, which, by a vote of 77 to 45, limited the suffrage to white freemen. It was not until 1874 that the restriction was finally done away with.

Turning from legal restriction to social repression, we find that race hatred has prevailed down to a very recent period. The geographical location of Philadelphia made it a refuge for such negroes as could escape from the South, and by 1820 this movement had assumed political importance. As against efforts to recover fugitives, acts had to be passed by Pennsylvania to prevent the kidnapping of free negroes. Then came the wave of Irish immigration, which reinforced the pro-slavery element, and made the condition of the Philadelphia negro much worse than it had been. Be-

tween 1830 and 1840 a series of riots took place, in which the negroes were the chief sufferers. They were beaten, their houses and their churches were attacked, and their orphan asylum was burned. They were kept out of the street-cars until 1867, they were excluded from the theatres, and they were obliged to provide their own schools for their children. They were accused of all sorts of offenses on the slightest grounds, and were then charged with furnishing an excessive percentage of criminals. The fact that, as the prejudice against them became less violent, this percentage rapidly decreased, indicates that the charge was exaggerated. It may well be asked if the negroes could be expected to advance faster than they have done, in view of the obstacles laid in their path by the whites.

While color prejudice is not responsible for all of the disabilities under which the negroes labor, it is a far more powerful force than is commonly believed. According to Prof. Du Bois, the only employment really open to negroes in Philadelphia is domestic service. They are not wanted as clerks, or as teachers, or as shopkeepers, or as citizens. They are excluded from the trade unions and from public offices. They are to a great extent confined to a "Ghetto." No doubt they have made large gains in personal liberty; they are no longer actively persecuted. But no future opens before those who aspire to a better social position. The negro caterers of Philadelphia were once deservedly famous; but the demands of luxury have surpassed their abilities, and they have become of secondary importance. Some small shops and manufactories are conducted by negroes, but nothing on a large scale. "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be," still holds true. To rise in the social scale implies superiority; and few white men are willing to confess their inferiority to any negro.

Yet there are some grounds for thinking that too gloomy a view of the situation is taken by these investigators. In the first place, there is a constant influx of negroes from the South, and not from the disturbed regions, but from Virginia, where their condition is better than elsewhere. These immigrants number nearly a thousand a year, principally young men, and there must be some inducement at work to bring them North. Then, in regard to domestic service, it is a mistake to hold that it is a degrading pursuit. It is an occupation in which there is room for the display of all the virtues and of every kind of talent. Its grades are infinite in number and its rewards are substantial. No sensible person despises a good servant, and that good colored servants are appreciated in Philadelphia, the figures here collected prove. Their pay is in most cases equal to that of white servants, and it is on a liberal scale. What is even more signi-

ficant, the length of time during which colored servants retain their places is much greater than is true of the whites. So far as the statistics have been collected, the average service-period among them is nearly five years, while the average for the whole country is less than a year and a half.

While there is little hope at present that the colored people will become socially and industrially the equals of the whites, and while this may be demonstrably unjust, yet they are not worse off than many of the more-favored races. The struggle to rise in social rank involves so much unhappiness and so many failures that it is not altogether undesirable to be exempted from it; and there is no reason why colored people should not have doctors and lawyers of their own blood if they want them. However this may be, the lesson taught by this investigation is one of patience and sympathy towards the South, whose difficulties have been far greater than those of the North.

THE CLERGYMAN OF TO-DAY.

In the readjustment of social opinion which has been going on during the last generation or two, few changes are more striking than that in the popular feeling towards the ministry. Taking American society as a whole, there can be no question but that popular regard for the ministry has much declined. Among educated people, none of the so-called learned professions is held in so slight esteem, or made the target for so hot a fire of criticism. It has not always been so. Within the memory of men now living, the position of the minister was one of peculiar social distinction, while the respect and reverence in which he was held were practically universal. Of sound learning and scrupulous morality, and with a profound sense of duty and obligation, he led, by sheer intellectual and spiritual force, the thought of the community, and largely directed its activities. In public affairs no one's word carried more weight, no one's opinion was more eagerly looked for or more deferentially received. None thought of questioning his right to be heard in any matter of public concern; on the contrary, he was expected to speak, and to bring to the solution of political or economic problems his wealth of knowledge, judgment, and experience. In the deference accorded him there was, no doubt, a large element of tradition, and, at times, even a spectacular unreality; but the fact remained that he stood, in the public estimation, for the best thought and aspiration of his people, and lived largely to serve the state.

To the youth of the present day such a description may well savor of romance. With few exceptions, the civic functions of the minister have been reduced to near the vanishing point. His counsel is

now rarely sought on important public questions. His sermons and addresses on political subjects seldom make much of an impression, while his suggestions of reform are apt to be of the visionary and impracticable character which provokes contempt. If there be a particularly specious political or economic fad rampant in the community, he is very likely to get entangled in it. He rarely attends a caucus, never appears in a party convention save to open the proceedings with prayer, and often neglects to vote until personally solicited to do so. He is commonly not a welcome member of social clubs, or altogether at ease in a circle of business men. A titular leader of men and a professional instructor in righteousness, the average minister of to-day is much inclined to keep aloof from every-day affairs, and to hold out for emulation a type of character which few healthy human beings can find attractive or even tolerable. In short, he is out of touch with life, aside from the stream of daily struggle and need, in the world but not of it.

In a vigorous and pungent address before the International Congregational Council, at Boston, President Hyde of Bowdoin pointed out, with merciless candor, one of the chief causes of this decay of ministerial influence. Taking the field as a whole, no educational curriculum now in force is so admirably devised to fit men for life as it is not, as the curriculum of most theological schools. Upon young men, most of whom have little more than the rudiments of education, and who are systematically pauperized by free scholarships and free tuition, there is imposed, as sufficient equipment for religious leadership, a course of study mainly compounded of Greek, Hebrew, dogmatic theology, church history, and homiletics, conducted chiefly through the medium of formal lectures, and strewn with preaching exercises, missionary exhortations, and prayer meetings. If, perchance, the student have convictions when he enters, the chances are many that he will come out either a hopeless bigot or a dreary sceptic, or, at best, with a theory of things which, however valuable for some other time or place, is of no practical consequence here and now. No wonder that the victims of such a mistaken process go forth to their work destitute of sound intellectual equipment and trained habit of thought, but with exaggerated notions of their professional importance and an almost ineradicable obliquity of social vision.

It is the modern church, with its widening social relations and multiple activities, that is slowly but surely changing all this. There can be no doubt, that, whether for good or for ill, what would once have been recognized as the distinctively religious side of church work is taking a less and less important place. The modern minister deems it

his duty to fit his parishioners for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come; and he looks upon his church as a centre and source of social regeneration and inspiration, in which the bodies and minds of men receive attention as well as their souls. To one trained under the old order of things, a bare enumeration of the operations and interests of a great city parish, with its social, educational, industrial, recreative, medical, and business sides, seems almost incredible, while few indeed of those who share the benefits realize what demands such an organization makes upon the man at the head of it. Only a minister of large administrative capacity, social presence, and tact and skill in dealing with men, can guide successfully so great an undertaking.

And it is because the qualities which fit a man to preside over the modern church are the same qualities which, in every department of life, give to their possessor distinction and power, that the minister of such a church is finding his way back to a place of honor and influence in the community akin to that which his predecessors of long ago enjoyed. Wherever one finds a minister with a firm and intelligent grasp of the social mission of the church, and a persistent purpose of bringing the church into vital and helpful relation with common concerns, there is also found a man whose profession is respected, whose companionship is sought, and whose opinion on public questions is welcomed and heeded. Nor is it in the great centres of population alone that this is true—the same condition prevails, and often in greater degree, in an increasing number of our smaller cities and towns; and even in the country districts. The theological education of generations ago fitted the minister for his work because it was in accord with the spirit and demand of the time. The theological education of the present day, with few exceptions, leaves the minister stranded, a helpless mass in a dreary waste, because it has given him nothing that he can use. It is the church that now points the way—for itself, to a position of indispensable social usefulness; for its ministers, to a place of influence and regard as great as at any earlier time. It remains to be seen how theological education will contribute to such a result, or whether it will continue to debar the minister from his rightful due.

THE MODERN UNIVERSITY.

Yale College was established by a few Congregational clergymen at the beginning of the eighteenth century as a school to train young men for the ministry. The thirteenth president of the institution was inaugurated on October 13 in the person of Arthur Twining Hadley, a layman, who delivered an address which said not one word regarding

the ministry as a profession, which recognized the possibility that compulsory attendance on religious exercises may be abolished, and which treated athletics as a most important element in student life. The development of the modern university could not be more vividly illustrated than by this sharp contrast between 1701 and 1899.

The early college in this country was simply a preparatory school for entrance upon one of the learned professions—particularly that of the clergyman—for which the majority of its small graduating classes were trained. Yale now turns out from its academic department every summer a body of some 300 young men, of whom not a dozen on the average expect to become ministers. A large and an increasing proportion of those who take this course will not finally enter any of the learned professions, but will engage in one or another form of those diverse activities which are lumped together under the head of a business life. Then, too, there is an entire department of the university devoted to scientific study, with the special view of fitting young men to be experts in civil engineering and various other allied fields, not to speak of a school for art, another for law, still another for medicine, and one for the study of theology after the ordinary college course.

The college graduate, at the beginning of this century, was a man apart from the community; at its close he is becoming an element in that community's busiest life. Once he could almost be told by the cut of his clothes; at least, by his occupancy of a parsonage, his law office, or his doctor's sign. Now he is as likely to be a banker, merchant, or mining engineer. The new conditions demand a new type of executive and a new type of administration. Those who knew Prof. Hadley recognized that this need had been met when the Yale corporation, a body still composed in its majority of Connecticut Congregational ministers, elected him as the successor of a long line of clergymen. Ample vindication of all that his champions have urged is furnished those who are not personally acquainted with the man, in the address with which he assumed his important office.

The keynote of this address is to be found in the frank recognition that the modern university must aim to make the well-trained citizen. It is this that fundamentally differentiates the Yale over which President Hadley, the layman, will preside (it may be hoped) for the first quarter of the twentieth century, from the Yale of the Rev. Abraham Pierson in the early years of the eighteenth. Dr. Pierson aimed to produce clergymen, and thought little of other classes as needing a college training. Dr. Hadley will aim to produce men—whether ministers or not—who are grounded in the fundamental principles

of democracy, and who are fitted to be leaders in whatever sphere of activity they enter. Upon this point he said:

"The Yale of the future must count for even more than the Yale of the past in the work of city, State, and nation. It must come into closer touch with our political life and be a larger part of that life. To this end it is not enough for her to train experts competent to deal with the financial and legal problems which are before us. Side by side with this training, she must evoke in the whole body of her students and alumni that wider sense of their obligation as members of a free commonwealth which the America of the twentieth century requires."

President Hadley showed a comprehensive recognition of the many and the perplexing problems of administration which confront the new executive, and developed in a most interesting way various lines of policy, some of which concern the class of educators more closely than they do the general public, and can be better judged by the few than the many. But the broad features which he outlined could be understood by the workingman who would like to "send his boy to college" as quickly as by President Eliot, and they are the features which must be maintained if the son of the workingman is to enjoy in the future the opportunity which has been open in the past. Dr. Hadley sees that "the increase of wealth in the outside world is a perpetual menace to old-fashioned democratic equality," and he would have the university set its face against this dangerous tendency, in outward form as well as in spirit, so that the dormitories, for example, shall be constructed "on a standard set by our homes rather than by our clubs," and that his institution shall never be known "either as a rich man's college, or, worse yet, as a college where rich and poor meet on different footings."

Essentially similar in motive is the platform which the new head of Yale lays down regarding athletics. Like every sane educator, he sees the value of such sports when practised in the right spirit, as clearly as their perniciousness when practised in the wrong spirit. He says that "they deserve cordial and enthusiastic support," but he denounces in the most vigorous terms that spirit which "regards athletic achievement as a sort of advertisement of one's prowess," or as "a sort of competitive means for pushing the university ahead of some rival."

The obligation of the educated citizen in a democracy—that was the central idea which underlay the inaugural address delivered at New Haven. It is a great thing, not merely for an ancient institution, nor for American universities alone, but for the country, that the man who comes, fully equipped, and in the maturity of his powers, into so wide a field of usefulness as the Presidency of Yale, exemplifies, as well as enunciates, this great principle of all training for youth in the United States.

TWO POINTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF TEXAS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., October, 1899.

The interesting *Quarterly* of the Texas State Historical Association, now entered upon its third volume of earnest researches in Texiana, gives us in its April number not only the translation, by Lilia M. Casis, but a very successful half-tone facsimile of its best original thus far, a Coahuila MS. of 1690. This is Fray (not "Don") Damian Manzanet's letter to Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora, giving a partisan but reasonably clear account of Capt. Alonso de Leon's significant trip to the long-discovered Bay of Espíritu Santo, an incident of which was the founding of the Mission of San Francisco de los Tejas, the first in Texas. The MS. (from the Ramirez collection) is so perfect that even the reproduction can be read to the last letter—albeit, in its "half reduction" (nearly) and the muddy grays of "process," at no trifling cost to strong eyes; as the reviewer can vouch, having read every word.

The immediate criticism of this presentation of a fairly important "source" is its nakedness of historical and bibliographic annotation. There is no hint that collateral authorities exist; no word of Capt. Alonso de Leon's official report, nor of Cavo's version, nor of Espinosa's very full account, nor of the many other documents of light and leading in this affair. The devout if jealous fraile may be held blameless for giving an undue proportion to his place on the programme; as Capt. Leon, for "seeing small" the missionary incident in an expedition to chase out French trespassers. Unto neither was given prophecy. We could hardly expect them to record that they had stepped unawares into the thick of a chapter far larger in history than the fraile's building of a frontier log church which did not survive to make a mark, or than the stiff-necked Captain's rivalry of the noble Duke of York. But the like excuses have expired by the statute of limitations.

Of the twenty-one slender footnotes here, one is essential (though a matter of the dictionary), none are historical, a full third are devoted to the gratuitous office of explaining, "Here the narrative digresses"—or returns. Surely it had been as well worth while to indicate that the wretched French captives ransomed by Leon from the Texas Indians were castaway companions of the Sieur de La Salle; that three of them were accomplices in his murder—Juan de Archibéque (Jean L'Archévêque), Santiago Grollet (Jacques Grollet); and Pedro Muñi (Pierre Meusnier; the translation steadily misspells him "Muni," though the MS. is perfectly clear). It would also have been pertinent to identify Pedro Talo (Pierre Talon) and his sister Madeleine. Archévêque and Grollet were transported to Spain, but returned to Mexico in 1691; and, with Meusnier, accompanied Diego de Vargas to the reconquest of New Mexico, where all three achieved some prominence, Archévêque (whose descendants are still living in the territory) in particular. He fell with his leader, Don Pedro de Villazur, and forty-one other New Mexicans, in that historic *matanza* by the Pawnees on the south fork of the Platte; August 16, 1720—the first considerable killing of Caucasians by Plains Indians. Curiously enough, the betrayer of La Salle

left the world by an expedition almost precisely similar to that which brought him back to it, thirty years earlier, a lad of nineteen; for Villazur's mission, like Leon's, was to check French interloping. This romantic story was brought to light years ago by Baudelier's discovery of unsuspected documents in the pueblo of Santa Clara.

The translation of Fray Damian's letter is fluent, modern, and in general a fair paraphrase. Miss Casis promises at the outset "to keep in view not only the faithful rendering into English, . . . but also, as far as practicable, the preserving of the naïve and simple style of the Spanish letter." Unhappily, it cannot be pretended that either attempt has been broadly successful. An historical "source" may not be handled as if it were a novel to adapt from the French. We need not give our chronicler of the seventeenth century a modern, liberal education (only its *benefits*), nor multiply his vocabulary fourfold, nor make his garulosity a model of the concise. Science is concerned with what he said, not with what we wish he had been so cultured as to say.

Miss Casis has given us clear and comfortable English. More than once she shows an excellent aptitude in reading these old chirographies, whose "short-hand" abbreviations puzzle the modern Spanish scholar unprepared by a special practice. She blushes, however, for Fray Damian's stupid repetition of *dho.*; and remedies him by sedulously varying his "said" with "the same," "aforesaid," "this same," "the," "that," "referred to," and scores of times omitting all recognition of the word. On a single page the chronicler uses the idiomatic *compadre* six times, in cumulative sarcasm; the translator "preserves his naïve and simple spirit" by giving us "chum," "friend," "protector," "this same fellow," "this fellow," "that fellow." The like politenesses smirk in every paragraph; e. g., *dos franceses*, "two persons of French nationality"; *ha mentido*, "has proved himself untruthful"; *en ella no vivia gente*, "in which no inmates could be seen." This, and the injection of great numbers of explanatory clauses without brackets or other warning of a patch, may be matters of taste rather than of science; but science is yet more seriously disregarded—by inaccurate, wobbling, and downright false renderings. *Escopetas* is a specific word; but here "guns" or "firearms" seem "near enough." *Rayado* is a specific word in Southwestern ethnology, here translated "painted," and without comment. *Ropa*, "articles"; *algunos*, "other," "many," "some few"; *muchos*, "some," "a number"—these are fair examples of this looseness.

Worse blunders are not merely of degree. *Capateros* is not "carpenters," but shoemakers. A *mano izquierda* is not exactly "to the right." A Spanish *sargento-mator* is of rather different rank from a "sergeant-major." *Un manto de fraile recoleto* is something more than "a monk's cloak." *Gallos de la tierra* are not "wild fowls," but wild turkeys exclusively. *Doce arrobas* is not "twelve hundred-weight," but just one-fourth as much; and this blunder is repeated. A very serious "out" on p. 294 has been detected by a reader and corrected in the July *Quarterly*, but still with no hint that *cargas* means anything less vague than "loads." Distinct perversions of the text are none too rare (e. g., p. 292, l. 17-22; p.

306, l. 34; p. 308, l. 22). It is doubly to be regretted that the laudable enterprise of publishing documents by no means unimportant should be marred by incompetent translation; since here the visual hardship of reading the facsimile will tempt even scholars to lean upon the English version.

A commendable local attention within the twelvemonth, aroused to discuss "The Route of Cabeza de Vaca in Texas," brings Mr. O. W. Williams to this pursuit in the July *Quarterly*. What with the human interest which attaches to this first overland traveller in North America, the tragedy of his enormous wanderings (which, for length and horror, have but one known parallel in history), and the fact that his grisly journey brought about the immediate discovery and exploration of our Southwest, Vaca will always remain a striking figure, not to the historian and ethnologist alone, but as well to the romantic and speculative. The only serious scientific question as to Vaca (for it has never been denied that he trudged from the Gulf of Mexico to about the Gulf of California, and that his story led to the explorations of Fray Marcos and Coronado) was, Did Vaca discover New Mexico and Arizona? That there should have been such question at all shows merely how easy it is to get a temporary footing for folly in distinguished company. There never was a shred of evidence, documentary, ethnologic, or topographic, to support this extraordinary example of a theory out of whole cloth. The Vaca-New Mexico myth is of parentage well known—the uninspired guesses of political pioneers at a language they could not read, enlarged by the unselfish fictions of curio-dealers and "boom literature." Critical knowledge has invariably recognized the impossibility of fetching Vaca up into New Mexico, even to make a tertio-millennial holiday. It was conclusively established more than a dozen years ago—by so masterly a cross-examination of the evidence, documentary, ethnologic, and geographic, as no one else has attempted, even if some one else may be carrying concealed a like capacity—that Vaca and his companions started their journey (after six years' blind wandering) from somewhere on the Gulf coast in southeastern Texas; that they crossed Southern Texas, Chihuahua, and Sonora, and found their countrymen at last in Sinaloa; and that they never got within a hundred miles of the southernmost verge of New Mexico. It is no longer critical to argue the larger facts of Vaca's involuntary exploration, but it is always worth while to see if we may constrict his trail a little more closely by detail, provided we do it without pretext of being discoverers.

The hope that Mr. Williams is to give us some definite if minor side-light is not reassured by finding on his first page that he locates "the present town of Culiacan in Sonora, Old Mexico." It has been commonly supposed, for three and a half centuries, to lie in the waist of Sinaloa, some hundreds of miles south of Sonora. If this new geography be a slip of the pen (and it is reiterated), we cannot say as much for the novel "explanation" on the next page. Vaca's clues to locality are vague, Mr. Williams tells us, because "the report was made to their royal master, and, as every Spaniard knew, all his interest in new countries centred in two things, the finding of gold and the conversion of savages to the Catholic faith." Clearly it would be bootless to ask the

writer why, then, so great a majority of the Spanish chroniclers wrote so vast a mass of the details (so notoriously sure to bore their "royal master") that scholars to-day have incomparably fuller documentary information as to the aborigines of Spanish America, for more tribes and more years, than anywhere else in history. But it is pertinent to remark that if he gets his knowledge of Vaca from any "report made to a royal master," he can do no greater service to science than to divulge its whereabouts. Certainly the 'Naufragios' is no such report. Nor is Oviedo's transcript of the joint reminiscences of the wanderers. The lapse of nineteen and twelve years, respectively, between act and record; the monotony of the Southwestern landscapes; the distractions of nine years of unspeakable suffering without the chance to make a single note—these explain, and have been proved by science to explain, Vaca's failure to make an unmapped wilderness legible at sight to any one—or legible at all to the inept. One has only to take our own Lewis and Clark, or Pike, traversing the unknown; to note how "blind" their indications are to the untaught, how many hundreds (literally) of pleasant local myths have played kitten-and-yarn with them, yet how decisively one competent man's labors have established their itinerary, so far as it concerns history, to realize that the vastly more recondite question of Vaca's route is a matter for the expert.

Without any intimation whatever that this theory is other than a recent local invention—and, indeed, with a strong intimation to the contrary—Mr. Williams holds that in studying Vaca's route we should seriously incline to the geographic range of the buffalo and the prickly pear. Even so. But Bandelier established this "invention" fifteen years ago, and with adequate data. It is true, of course, that neither animal migrations nor vegetal ranges bind themselves to section-stakes. Both are elastic and of worth only in generalization. They delimit Vaca to southern Texas, as Bandelier showed in 1885-'86. Yet it is entirely conceivable that the droughts of one exceptional decade might shrink the normal annual frontier of bison and tuna both (for the economic measurements of aboriginal need) by more than the north and south variance between the generic line so long and so finally established and the line sought to be established now.

There is no need of argument—certainly no need to distort the Spanish text—to get Vaca across the Rio Grande at Presidio del Norte. We have no reasonable hope that any one will ever shake the long-accepted conclusion that he did cross there. For this also was established by Bandelier. Yet to support this as a theory of his own, Mr. Williams tells us that his "chief reason" for pitching on this locality is, that here the Indians seem to have "planted their corn in *temporales*; that is, in sandy stretches near the river"; and that this "is the only place in all this country where I can learn of corn being planted in this way." Now, *temporales* are not "sandy stretches," near or remote. As their very name tells, they are crops dependent upon the season's storms. Notoriously this is, and immemorially has been, the typical aboriginal method of corn-planting all across the vast Southwest.

Even with the Caucasian farmers of the Territories and California, corn and wheat are to this day *temporales* seven times out of ten. Other crops are irrigated; these two are intrusted to the weather. That is precisely why a dry year means a short grain-crop, while the fruit output (by irrigation) may be enormous.

Were it needful at this date to build hypotheses for the Pecos (as if Vaca's discrimination between it and the "River of the Cows" were not inevitable in Spanish, and embalmed in English by his only serious commentator), it would at least be as well not to translate *aquel rio arriba mas de cincuenta leguas*, "along up the river for more than fifty leagues" (italics mine). What the text says plainly is that the buffalo were "more than fifty leagues up that river"—while usage adds, "and not necessarily on it." *Rio arriba* means, in almost universal acceptance, "Up in the direction the river comes from." It means so here. The identification of the most crucial—and the most certain—point in the whole ten months' journey, merits critical treatment if it is now to be meddled with at all.

In a tramp of two thousand miles of pain and terror, sage-brush and cactus may easily blur; but the crossing of big and unknown rivers is not so easily forgotten or confounded. It chances that our one serious authority on Vaca has had not only the widest bibliographic and ethnologic training, but more of Vaca's own physical education in the like hardships (and the same field) than any other man whatsoever—Parkman and Cushing not excepted—who has studied American ethnology and history. And from this has come safety. First—and still foremost—to weigh the evidence of fauna and flora, Bandelier made the rivers his crucial test; and no one of comparable schooling will deny his logic. The original sources prove beyond peradventure that the wanderers crossed four large rivers between the Gulf coast and the Yaqui of Sonora. Mr. Williams does not see any virtue in these rivers, nor make any serious attempt to account for them. By this labor-saving device, it is easy to remove the starting-point of the journey from the Sabine to the Nueces—a slide unwarranted by the text, unsympathetic to the "time-card," and wholly unnecessary to Mr. Williams's own sub-theory. We are in no danger to have too much original research; but originality and weight alike may be enhanced by some knowledge of the labors and equipment of one's predecessors.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND THE ARTS AND CRAFTS IN LONDON.

LONDON, October 11, 1899.

In the *Nation's* recent review of the 'Life of William Morris,' the reviewer regretted the absence of any illustrations that could give an idea of Morris's achievement in the decorative arts which monopolized so large a part of his time and energy and exerted so vast an influence upon modern designers and printers. But in London, at the present moment, there is the chance to make up for this defect in the biography by the study, not of reproductions, but of the original designs that were the stock-in-trade of the Oxford Street shop and the actual books from the Kelmscott Press, now fetching such

big prices in the auction-room. For, very wisely, in the show of the Society of Arts and Craftsmen just opened in the New Gallery, a room has been set apart for the exhibition of you might almost say Morris's life work. His silk and woollen and cotton hangings, his carpets and tapestries are here, and, better still, his working drawings for them, with his written directions often to be read on the margin; a valuable lesson, these, to the student. His less often seen cartoons for stained glass are also included, and that curious early painting of "La Belle Iseult," hung with the Rossettis a year or two ago in the same gallery; while the drawings, the blocks, even the proofs, are placed in the cases with the Kelmscott books, the best explanation we could have of his methods of work.

Interesting as this collection is, it tells one little of Morris that is not already well known. The designer of wall-papers and carpets, or the printer of books, counts his patrons by the hundred where, sometimes, the painter of pictures counts them on the fingers of one hand. An artist like Rossetti (to whom Morris owed his artistic creed), since he never exhibited, and since he sold his paintings and water-colors to probably not more than a dozen people; was, when he died, virtually unknown, except as a name, even to the limited public caring about art. On the other hand, Morris's exhibition-room, always open, was in his own shop as well as in all the larger booksellers', and everything he did was displayed at once before a comparatively large audience. After Rossetti's death the first exhibition of his pictures came as a revelation. But now, after Morris's death, the first show of his designs and fabrics and books but confirms the estimate already held of him as artist and craftsman. To see his hangings and draperies in a gallery is simply to realize, as has been already realized in their Oxford Street headquarters or in a Morris-decorated house, that only a man with a fine sense of color and a right feeling for pattern could have designed them. They may not be strictly original in motive and treatment; no doubt, it would be easy to trace many to the mediæval models from which Morris borrowed his ideas (by way, it must be remembered, of Rossetti); and, at times, they may be so over-elaborated that, in their restlessness, they defeat the chief aim and object of decorative art. But still he never, at his worst, tumbled into vulgarity or commonplace; he erred only because, in his eagerness to create the beautiful, he lost sight of the value of simplicity; while, at his best, he put the necessary restraint upon the fertility of his invention, and his design became sober and dignified in color and pattern both, and full of charm.

It is the same with the books from his press. To see them here is to feel again, perhaps, their deliberate archaism, but it is also to discern in them the desire for beauty that sent Morris back for inspiration to the early printers. You may think he was mistaken, but there is no denying the genuineness of his intention. He fancied the one hope of salvation for the printing-press was in the revival of the methods of a dead past, though, later, he admitted practically that the modern innovations he despised were not without their advantages. His first books are often poorly enough printed, but eventually he began to make use of overlays and other modern appli-

ances—and tricks, you seem to hear him calling them; he went so far, I believe, as to rely at times upon photography to reduce illustrations and decorations to the necessary size on the block; and certainly his printing improved. But in one respect there was no improvement. He never ceased to give his chief consideration to the appearance of the page, often at the expense of the reader's eyes, and he was apt to overload it with ornaments. In the decoration of books, as in the decoration of walls and floors, he failed from his curious distaste for simplicity. In the "Chaucer," his last and most ambitious performance, ornament on the decorated pages simply runs riot, with anything but loveliness as the result; on the undecorated pages, the beauty of fine type and fine spacing is not allowed to speak for itself, but the effect must be marred by a succession of heavy black stops, suggesting nothing so much as the emptying of an ant-hill upon the paper.

All these merits and defects have long been familiar to every admirer of Morris—save the hopelessly fanatical. I myself have pointed them out before now in the *Nation*. But it is worth while to note that his books and designs collected together do not modify the impression they made when seen separately, and it is interesting to profit by the opportunity for so comprehensive a study of his art in the exhibition of a society that would not have existed had there never been a William Morris. I do not think any one can question Morris's honesty, his sincerity, his enthusiasm, even his individuality as an imitator, in his own work. But what of his influence upon the work of others, of which so much has been heard? Negatively, it is true, it accomplished great things. It delivered us from a great deal that was vulgar and trivial when decorative art was at its lowest ebb in the early Victorian age. So much must be granted. But what of his positive influence upon the artists and craftsmen who have accepted him as master? The houses Morris decorated were often very beautiful, but I have just come back from Belgium, where I saw houses decorated according to the Continental adaptation of his theories that made me wonder if, even with the beautiful things he produced, we are not paying a heavy price for the new fashion he inaugurated in domestic decoration, really more insufferable than Victorian horsehair and shams, because of its greater artistic pretensions. Belgium and the other Continental countries, now Morris-mad, have derived their ideas of Morris chiefly from the Arts and Crafts Society; and the exhibition of its members helps to explain why, as a channel for the Morris influence, they have led to such disaster. You look round the rooms almost in vain for any evidence of originality in conception or execution. Of course, there are exceptions. If I were writing a detailed description, I might have much to say of the rich, dignified designs for panel screens by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, who has escaped the snare of mediævalism; of the colored plaster reliefs by Mr. Anning Bell, who also does not think the art of decoration perished with the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; of the jewelry by Mr. Henry Wilson, a master jeweller; of the glass by Messrs. Powell; and so on. But it is in the effect of the collection as a whole, in its

most salient features, that the clue is to be had to present standards and tendencies, and there is no question that in almost every form of art-represented the influence of Morris is paramount. Where he has not suggested the actual design or method, he has most certainly been the guide to the sources from which it has been obtained. Morris himself was but the imitator of an imitator; his followers get their mediævalism at third hand, and, as a rule, play the mediæval game without his sincerity and enthusiasm. Their self-conscious archaism, their aggressive affectations, weary and discourage. How can you look upon this deliberate pose, this strained endeavor to appropriate worn-out methods and manners of expression, as a Renaissance, in the right sense of the word? Everywhere you see, not new life infused, but the struggle to infuse it by close adherence to Morris and his example. The books, with their old type, their old ornament, their over-elaboration, exaggerate Morris's defects; and, for all the endeavor, it is really the commercial firms of printers who do the good printing—the Chiswick Press, whose managers have not lost all sense of the beauty of a simple, dignified page; or Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson & Co., to whom Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon—despite Mr. Ricketts's apparent belief in himself as one of the world's rare great printers—have had to intrust the work of the "Vale Press."

Again, it is Morris's mistaken archaism, not the beauty of his design, that marks the drawings for book illustration and decoration. How tiresome is the parade of primitiveness, the forced naïveté, the benumbing fidelity to a line—no matter how ugly—that is supposed to harmonize with the type! Character, beauty, charm, all sacrificed to what is now but a superfluous convention, inevitable a method as it was in the earlier days of the printing-press and the arts of reproduction. Only here and there did I come upon a drawing, signed by a still obscure name, in which I could discover the least freshness, the least touch of personality.

Archaism is as rampant in the book-bindings. Book-binders once could impress their own individuality upon their designs. But what do their modern successors offer but a repetition of these old designs, executed, it may be, with irreproachable technical perfection? Not a suggestion of originality is anywhere, save in two or three bindings carried out by Miss MacCall after the designs of Mr. D. S. MacCall, a little too tiny and scratchy at times, and too overlaid with meaning for so entirely conventional a medium as the book-binder's tool, but still striking the personal note that makes up for so much else.

It is the same with the wall-papers and hangings of all kinds; so it is with the carpets; so it is with the poor, unfortunate furniture, twisted and tortured into a semblance of archaic form. Instead of development, there is the going back not to mediævalism, but to make-believe mediævalism according to Morris, based upon Rossetti. And not only this. It would seem almost as if the power or ability to think independently, to venture upon new experiments, to try new methods of expression, were destroyed in the greater number of craftsmen. They go on, in the one groove until an artist, more adventurous, happens to discover the possibilities for him in a medium perhaps long neglected, and then, at once, like sheep, they

follow him. A few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson and Mr. Alexander Fisher turned their attention to enamel; of late, Mr. Wilson, one of the few original decorative artists now in England, interested himself in jewelry. To-day, enamels and jewels, all more or less recalling the work of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and Mr. Wilson, fill many cases in the New Gallery, and, no doubt, the designers wait to be complimented upon their originality.

It must be understood, I repeat, that I am speaking of the general standard and the general tendencies of the exhibition. Individual exceptions may be—and are—very delightful, but they remain exceptions. If there is any one strong influence revealed in the collection, it is that of William Morris, and it has imposed so heavy a burden upon his immediate followers, and led to such folly in their foreign disciples, that the necessity begins to be felt for a strong influence to counteract it, if the second half of the Victorian era is not to end in a more serious downfall of decorative art than the first. Our very self-complacency over the advances made during the last forty or fifty years does not, however, promise much for the future.

N. N.

Correspondence.

A PAPYRUS ABOUT THE OLYMPIAN VICTORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt of the Egypt Exploration Fund have completed their critical study of another papyrus from Behnesa, and it has gone to the printer for our next volume of the "Græco-Roman Branch" department, which, it is now expected, will be published about January 1.

This papyrus contains a detailed list of the winners in all the thirteen events which formed the Olympian games for a series of about seven years. We know how carefully such a list was kept at Olympia for reference and to perpetuate the names of the victorious athletes. Even an Aristotle valued such data. We have various dates of the victors through the scholiasts of Pindar and of Pausanias, the topographer, to the latter of whom the excavators at the site of Olympia owe much for his exact details. But the chief value or interest in the papyrus is that no complete list of all the events for even a single Olympiad has hitherto turned up.

This papyrus, too, covers the time when Pindar and Bacchylides were composing odes, yet extant, in honor of the Olympian victors. Thus we have independent testimony for assigning accurate dates to these famous compositions. To illustrate this point: Odes ix., x., xi. of Pindar are now shown to have had, commonly, wrong dates. As for Bacchylides, some twenty of whose poems from a unique papyrus were edited in 1897 by Dr. Kenyon, Mr. Cotton writes that "the poetical activity of Bacchylides is given an extension of no less than sixteen years" by this papyrus. On the whole, however, our list in question confirms the record of the scholiasts.

This papyrus affords a bit of evidence for the history of Greek plastic art of that period. Near the end of our second century, according to Pausanias, many statues at Olympia bore the names of victors and sculptors; and the German explorers at that

site confirmed his statement. Our papyrus fixes the year of a victory and consequently of the sculptor whose plastic art commemorated it. Thus, Polykleitos, the Argive, is now shown to have been living in the middle of the fifth century B. C., and to have flourished only a little later than Phidias. Pythagoras, a celebrated statuary, can be shown to have continued his work down to about the same period in that century.

Aside from the signal discoveries in our broad and varied field of research are the many lesser ones which, as in the present case, are of special interest. Largely on such details is our knowledge of old Greece, older Egypt, and of the history of civilization being gradually developed.

WILLIAM COPLEY WINSLOW.

BOSTON, October 23, 1899.

THE BOER GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a widespread belief among us that the Boers are a simple, God-fearing people, much after the stamp of our Puritan forefathers, and that, in opposition to the insistent demands of mere gold-seekers for a share in the government, they are fighting manfully to maintain their well-earned independence. Perhaps the following facts may throw some light on the character of the Boer Government which will make this estimate of the purity of its motives in the present war questionable. The white population of the Transvaal is about 250,000, or half that of Boston, with two important towns, one of more than 50,000, the other of less than 10,000 inhabitants. I purposely leave out of consideration the natives. The annual revenue is \$20,000,000 in round numbers, of which there is paid in salaries a little over \$6,000,000. In 1886, the year of the discovery of the Rand gold-fields, the salaries amounted to \$250,000. No wonder that the officials and public men (mostly imported Hollanders, for the native-born Boers, with some notable exceptions, are not intelligent enough to hold office), are willing to have this simple-minded people fight to maintain this lucrative form of government!

JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD.

BOSTON, October 21, 1899.

PROSPERITY IN THE AGRICULTURAL SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While the iron, cattle, and timber districts of the South have been enjoying for some time the wave of prosperity sweeping over the country, it has been only within six or eight weeks that the great cotton-producing section has had the full benefit of the good times. On the 1st of August it looked as if a third gigantic crop was to be grown. A large surplus had been carried over, and, in spite of the wonderful increase in consumption, it appeared as if low prices must rule. During August, weather conditions changed the yield to what a few years ago would have been considered a very large crop, though it is now looked on as a moderate one. As a result, prices advanced rapidly: Cottonseed, which not many years since was of no commercial value, but is now a very considerable item, appreciated much, aided by the shortage in the olive crop. This advance in cotton and seed,

coming at the beginning of the season, gives to the planter the full benefit. The crop was the cheapest ever produced, grown with the expectation of selling about five cents per pound, and more nearly a surplus crop than ever before made. As a consequence, business throughout the South increased at once to enormous proportions, and was never heavier than at present.

This crop means to the South what the wheat crop two years ago meant to the West. The mass of surplus cotton that has weighted down the price will be removed, and remunerative prices for another year are assured. The midwinter statements of Southern banks will reflect the prosperity of the section, and next year the banks will move the crop with little if any assistance from New York. The sudden decline in the condition of cotton during August not only gave the South much more money for the crop, but was also fortunate because of the scarcity of labor. It would have been almost impossible to pick out a "bumper" crop because of the large absorption of labor by the iron fields, timber camps, levee works, and manufacturing enterprises. The agricultural South has reason to be thankful.

A. COLLIER ESTES.

MEMPHIS, October 20, 1899.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. will publish immediately 'Scotland's Ruined Abbeys,' by Howard Crosby Butler, handsomely illustrated, and in November a pamphlet supplement to the 'American Art Annual,' bringing last year's belated issue up to date.

Shortly to appear with Messrs. Harper's imprint are 'Monopolies and Trusts,' by Prof. Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin; 'Expedition to the Philippines,' by Frank D. Millet; 'Historic Sidelights,' by Howard Payson Arnold; 'Jane Eyre,' the first volume in the "Haworth Brontë," edited by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Clement Shorter; 'A Confident To-morrow,' by Professor Brander Matthews; and a series of dainty Christmas books, in silver and blue, containing each the best "long short story" of some well-known American author.

Early next month a new novel by Mrs. Burnett, 'The Great DeWillingby Claim,' will be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Brentano's announces 'The Standard Opera-Glass,' by Charles Annesley, detailing the plots of 123 celebrated operas, with historical, critical, and biographical data.

Following two recent works on kindred topics, E. P. Dutton & Co. promise 'Point and Pillow Lace,' by A. M. S., with many facsimiles of specimens.

'Illustrations of Logic,' by Prof. Paul T. Lafleur, of McGill University, is soon to be issued by Ginn & Co.

Subscriptions are invited to be sent to Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y., for a new rendering of the 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám,' by Elizabeth Alden Curtis, undertaken by the Brothers of the Book.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, will bring out at once 'Omega et Alpha,' a volume of verse by Greville d'Arville, and 'Hawaii Fair,' poems by Philip Henry Dodge.

Any author might be gratified to see his

works in such a pretty, uniform array as that just given to Mr. Richard Harding Davis's fiction by Charles Scribner's Sons. The six little volumes, in an olive-green flexible binding, each with its etched vignette, are most inviting to the hand and eye. The print is also both clear and handsome. 'Gallegher' is here, and 'Soldiers of Fortune,' 'The King's Jackal,' 'The Lion and the Unicorn,' and 'Cinderella.'

In Mr. Gollancz's Dent-Macmillan 'Temple Classics'—volumes still for the pocket, but a shade longer than the foregoing—we have once more 'The Compleat Angler,' based on the fifth edition of 1676, and cared for with marginalia and notes by Mr. Austin Dobson, who has selected Huysman's portrait of Walton in the National Gallery for a frontispiece. Along with this goes Lodge's translation of Seneca 'On Benefits,' edited by W. H. D. Rouse, and with the spelling modernized.

While still among the dainty reprints we must mention Mr. Benjamin E. Smith's 'Selections from the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,' in his own translation from the Greek, with due observance of the author's abruptness; and Washington Irving's 'Rip van Winkle and Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' Both these elegantly tiny volumes, with brown embossed binding, are issued by the Century Co.

Just these two Irving classics have been selected for embellishment by G. P. Putnam's Sons, we can but think in excess. Every page of text has its ornamented border and its vignette on the back of the leaf; there are, besides, full-page wash-drawings. One feels that this is a case where the wood cannot be seen for the trees.

Mr. Reginald Birch's pen-drawings in illustration of 'Silas Marner' help somewhat to decorate the edition of this novel attractively brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co. In themselves they hardly call for criticism.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. essay another edition of Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun,' its cream and gold cover protected by a crimson wrapper. It is more comfortable for reading than the larger illustrated one which it simulates, but its beauty within is not equal to that of the exterior.

The baker's dozen of embellishments by Henry Ospovat, which give an excuse for being to John Lane's edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets, are plums very irregularly disposed in the pudding, mostly at top and bottom. They add something to the comeliness of the square little book, in honest bold type, thick paper, and buff and gold binding; but as designs they do not challenge remark unless for choice of subjects chosen and opportunities neglected. They seem like part of a series begun but never completed.

We have had from the Upton sisters their jointed-doll epic of the Golliwogg at the shore, and now, taking their cue from the belligerent time upon which we have fallen, they give children a sight of 'The Golliwogg in War' (Longmans). The merry vein is well sustained, in colored picture and rhymed accompaniment.

Six years ago we testified to the exceptional utility of Prof. Alfred Newton's illustrated 'Dictionary of Birds' (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan). It is a matter of congratulation to students and bird-lovers that a new, popular but un-

abridged edition has just been put forth. It is in every particular as serviceable as the first, and has not been scamped in the presswork.

'Maximilian in Mexico' (Century Co.); by Sara Y. Stevenson, is a blend of history and personal reminiscence. The author will perhaps not be displeased if we say we could wish there were more of the latter, even if at the cost of the sacrifice of a good deal of the former. An American woman, on good terms with the French in Mexico, plainly has an interesting chapter to contribute to the history of the Intervention from the inside; the political and military record she might well have left to others. What she writes of the gay insouciance of French officers, of the fêtes and balls and amateur theatricals given on the very verge of the abyss, and of the attitude of the natives towards army and Emperor, has its obvious value and interest. We lay down the book wanting more of such pages. We also find ourselves wanting more care given to the Spanish of the volume, which is almost uniformly incorrect.

In this year of Goethe festivals, perhaps the chief comment to make on Hermann Mueller's 'Deutsche Gedichte for High Schools' (Ginn & Co.)—"poems which are memorized in the higher schools of Germany, and which are well known in every German home"—is that Schiller leads with six pieces to Goethe's four; Heine, too, having four, and Uhland five.

Volume 4 of 'Old South Leaflets' (Boston) covers Nos. 76-100, and is remarkable for a liberal injection of historic documents pertaining to slavery, such as a summary of the first number of the *Liberator*, Phillips's address at Garrison's funeral, Whittier's account of the founding of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, Mrs. Stowe's story of how 'Uncle Tom' came to be written, the first Lincoln-Douglas debate, and John Brown's words. But Amerigo Vespucci's account of his third voyage; Cotton Mather's lives of Bradford and Winthrop, from the 'Magnalia'; Pastorius's description of Pennsylvania, and much other matter handy to have in this form occur with the foregoing.

To his other well-known works on Roman institutions J. B. Mispoulet has added an extended study of parliamentary procedure in the Roman Senate ('La vie parlementaire à Rome sous la République'; Paris: Albert Fontemoing). Gathering his material from all available sources, art, literature, epigraphy, etc., he has attempted a reconstruction of such famous sessions of that body as those in which the conspiracy of Catiline, the exile of Cicero, the case of Clodius, and the restoration of Ptolemy Auletes were considered. How successful these restorations are must be largely a matter of opinion, as we have not now, and are never likely to have, the information by which to check them, save in isolated details. In reading Mispoulet's account of the alleged breaking up of a session of the Senate by the disorder of a crowd around the doors, due to the extreme cold, Prof. Tyrrell will find no trace of his ingenious conjecture that the frost in question was of an entirely different nature, namely, the unpopularity of the Consul, Appius Claudius. The author's studies tend toward a higher opinion of the dignity and effectiveness of the Senate as a deliberative body, during the latter years of the Republic,

than is usually held. He shows that only a few tumultuous sessions are chronicled by Cicero, our chief witness, and that these are censured in such a way as to indicate that they were unusual. Senators generally spoke directly to the point, filibustering was uncommon, and the matter under consideration could as a rule be disposed of at a single day's sitting. The work is to be followed soon by a similar study covering the imperial period.

The Publishing Section of the American Library Association (Boston) has just completed the first year of 'Annotated Titles of Books on English History published in 1898,' which we owe to Mr. W. Dawson Johnston, one of the instructors in Brown University. Fifty-seven works have here been described bibliographically and critically, with references to the opinions of recognized reviews on both sides of the water. Mr. Johnston is excellently equipped, both as to learning and temperament, to characterize and summarize this class of works, and the notes are the result of his independent and careful examination. The Association hopes that the titles will prove useful, not primarily as suggesting books for purchase, but mainly as furnishing in a library's card-catalogue a note in regard to the value and scope of the books—just where all card-catalogues fail to give what they ought. If this expectation be justified, the Association is prepared to try the same plan in other fields. Mr. Johnston also has well along toward readiness for publication an annotated bibliography of English history, which will try to render the same discriminating service in regard to the older books. It will be, we understand, about the size of a volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' We should add that the titles above noticed are printed on one side of the leaf, and are also printed on cards—each title to a card—ready for use in cataloguing. The books of 1899 will be published in four quarterly instalments at the same price as those for 1898.

Oceanography is the principal topic of the *Geographical Journal* for October, since it contains, besides the presidential address on this subject before the geographical section of the British Association, a striking résumé of the phenomena proving the existence of submarine gullies, river outlets, and fresh-water escapes beneath the sea-level. The object of Sir John Murray's address was to point out what the samples of marine deposits collected during the past thirty years taught with respect to the present condition of the floor of the ocean, and their bearing "on speculations as to the evolution of the existing surface features of our planet." With this end in view, he gave the main ascertained facts in regard to the depth of the ocean, the temperature, deposits and life of the ocean-floor, closing with a sketch of the progress of oceanic research and an appeal for aid to the proposed Antarctic expedition. Other articles are upon the Chinese Shan States, and the conclusion of Dr. Moreno's remarkable account of the little-known physical features of Patagonia, which he believes to have been once a part of the Antarctic continent.

The progress of civilization in Central Africa is strikingly illustrated in a communication to the *London Times* from a person who, on Christmas day, 1898 (when penny postage to the colonies was put in force), posted a letter with a penny stamp in Lon-

don to a friend living in Uganda. It was sent to Mombasa on the east coast, whence it went inland, first by railway and then by post-runner, to Port Alice on the Victoria Nyanza; where it received a postmark dated March 2, 1899. From thence it was dispatched to Toro, postmark March 29, on the extreme western frontier of the British Protectorate. From this place it was forwarded to the nearest outpost of the Free State on Lake Albert Edward, where it was received April 3 and dispatched April 6 to Stanley Falls, and from thence to Boma, near the mouth of the Congo. Here it was readdressed and returned to the writer in London in September.

The article of most timely interest in the Consular Reports for October, an unusually suggestive number, is upon the commercial development of South Africa, with special reference to the trade with this country, from observations made during a recent tour by Mr. Stowe, our Consul-General at Cape Town. Referring to the great mining company of Kimberley, he says: "No corporation in the world does more for its employees." In its village of Kenilworth, "water and light are supplied free, and there is a club-house, a library, reading rooms, athletic grounds, a park, and vegetable gardens, with vines and fruits of all kinds in profusion." Nothing is said of the political troubles of the Transvaal, but significant facts are given to show how its industries are hampered by the Government concessions and the almost prohibitive freight charges of the railways. Useful hints are given as to methods by which our trade with Northern China might be substantially increased, and there is a detailed account of the cultivation of cacao in Ecuador, a field for enterprise whose possibilities are great. Consumption is "increasing at the rate of 5 or 6 per cent. annually, and inside of eight or ten years the demand will be greater than the supply." Attempts to introduce cultivation of this plant in other countries on a large scale have not been very successful, but in Ecuador vast tracts of land suitable for new and productive estates are still unoccupied. Interesting figures are given, showing the increase of the Russian flax, hemp, and cotton crops, and the general prosperity of Germany; the gain in the deposits in the Prussian savings-banks for 1898 having been \$75,000,000. A description of the electric street-car system of Hamburg, with its commutation tickets and cheap fares for school-children, is also especially noteworthy.

The *Rundschau* for October, being the first number of the one hundred and first volume, opens with a retrospect in which the founder and present editor, Dr. Julius Roßberg, speaks with gratitude, modesty, and much good taste of the beginnings of this first German review of a high order. Among the contributors to the first number (October, 1874) were Auerbach, Anastasius Grün (Auersperg), H. von Sybel, Dr. Ferd. Cohn, Th. Storm; in the second, E. Geibel, P. Heyse, G. zu Putlitz, Lasker, Virchow, K. Hillebrand, Spielhagen, etc., appeared. A number of letters from literary and scientific celebrities who promised the enterprising editor his support are now published by him in facsimile. It is interesting to learn that a conditional cable order for several hundred copies from a New York bookseller turned the balance in favor of the German title *Rundschau* instead of the proposed *Revue*.

The first calendar of the approaching year to reach us is the fourth issue of "Meyers Historisch-Geographischer Kalender" (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). Each sheet of the pad has, as heretofore, its upper half pictorial and the lower space economized for varied information. We open at April 24, which shows us a good engraved view of Port Durban, in Natal, from a photograph; and we learn that this port and capital has 12,317 inhabitants, and is connected by rail with Pietermaritzburg and other interior places, soon to become familiar to us by name. The harbor of Honolulu, effects of a typhoon in Manila, and the Caroline Islands are the timely subjects of other illustrations; but the most interesting series of all is that of the ponderous new military monuments of the Fatherland, viz., to Emperor William I., to Frederick Charles, and to Bismarck.

Excavations on the site of the ancient pile-dwellings at Hedsor, in the Thames Valley, have brought to light some interesting prehistoric remains. These include a few flint arrow-heads, the skeleton of a horse, and specimens of pottery of Roman, mediæval, and British origin. Osseous remains of sheep, goats, cows, and pigs, whose carcasses are supposed to have provided food for the colony, have also been found, the bones bearing distinct knife-marks, even after the lapse of centuries. No human remains have thus far been discovered. Some of the piles unearthed are of large dimensions, one of them having been accurately squared before insertion.

—To the accounts recently contributed to these columns of the burning of a slave woman in 1691 at Boston it may be added that, for more than a century afterwards, even till the thirtieth year of George III., that sort of execution for women continued legal in England, and seemed to Blackstone good form—owing to "the decency due to her sex," as he says (iv., p. 93). But, strangulation through smoke and fire was sometimes aided by a halter; though when this mitigation of misery crept in, it may be hard to ascertain. May it have been left to the discretion of the executioner? This point is left in doubt by the following details of a burning at the stake seventeen years before such an execution ceased to be legal in England. We read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 43, p. 461: "On Sept. 13, 1773, Elizabeth Herring who had killed her husband was burnt [in London] in the presence of 20,000 spectators, many of whom were much hurt and some trodden to death in gratifying a barbarous curiosity. The method of executing Mrs. Herring was as follows: she was placed on a stool something more than two feet high, and a chain being placed under her arms, the rope round her neck was made fast to two spikes, which being [sic] driven through a post against which she stood, when her devotions were ended, the stool was taken away from under her and she was soon strangled. When she had hung about fifteen minutes the rope was burnt, and she sunk till the chain supported her, forcing her hands up to a level with her face, and the flame being furious she was soon consumed. The crowd was so immensely great that it was a long time before faggots could be placed for the execution."

—By a curious coincidence, Prof. Max Müller has dated the prefaces of his two

last books on the same day. Of these twins one is virile and scholarly; the other is gossipy and weak. The slighter of the two, 'Auld Lang Syne: Second Series' (Charles Scribner's Sons), contains recollections of Indian friends, among whom the author, with natural affectation, includes the seers of the Rig-Veda and the religious teachers of the sixteenth century. A certain naïve self-conceit adds an unusual charm to the author's repeated stories about himself. He even prints the exaggerated tributes to his worth written by Hindus in private letters, although he says of one that he is "ashamed of copying it," which is more than the reader would suspect. But, despite the ingenuous megalomania displayed, some of the sketches of the lives of prominent modern Hindus will be read with attention. Here and there occurs a grave lapsus, as, when the author suggests that the system of child-marriages "may have originated at the time of the Mohammedan conquest" (p. 125), which is like saying that the Olympian games may have been an imitation of the games in the Roman Coliseum. We observe that the aged philologist characterizes "higher criticism" (by which he means modern views) as "cheap scepticism." Comment is needless. Here is struck the keynote of the tone adopted by Müller towards the scholarship of the last decade.

—More important is the volume entitled 'The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy' (Longmans). Although there is no lack of general résumés of Hindu philosophy, it is interesting to see how they are treated by one who has made an especial study of European philosophy also. Prof. Müller's opinions, too, in regard to the relative age of the six systems, are of value, though they are far from convincing. Instead of regarding the dualistic system as older by two or three centuries than the monistic, Prof. Müller adopts a thoroughly agnostic attitude, and is content to say "don't know" in regard to every proposed chronological adjustment. This negative view is not very satisfactory, nor is it altogether justified. It appears to be due partly to the author's preconceived notion of the anterior origin of the monistic system, which notion he is loath to abandon. But a closer acquaintance with extra-philosophic literature in India would have shown Prof. Müller that there can be no doubt that the dualistic system as a system preceded the monistic, although monistic ideas were current before any system was formulated. The six systems treated in this work are the six orthodox systems, but of these only three are really philosophical systems, the other three not deserving a place in an account of separate philosophies. On the other hand, three systems not included in the orthodox six are practically omitted or only alluded to casually. To those familiar with recent German books on Hindu philosophy, the chapters on the Vedānta and Sāṅkhya systems will appear to be mainly borrowed, and not always from the best sources, while the other systems are treated very superficially. But this volume will satisfy the needs of those who do not care for authorities, and merely wish to get the last popular summary of the whole subject. It is to be hoped that some one competent to handle the subject will before long write a work on Hindu philosophy *qua* philosophy, ignoring the native test of or-

thodoxy. Until now, one of the most important systems, that of Buddha, is either ignored altogether because it is not orthodox, or must be sought for out of connection with its orthodox counterpart, the Sāṅkhya. There is, in fact, as yet no real history of Hindu philosophy.

—Among the many semi-popular books about Rome which have appeared in recent years, one of the most interesting is 'Rome sous l'Empire,' by Prof. Émile Thomas of Lille, published in 1897. 'Roman Life under the Cæsars' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a translation of the book, though the fact is not mentioned on the title-page or in the preface. Some curious inconsistencies in it confirm one's suspicion that M. Thomas had no hand in the reproduction; for example, in the chapter on the Roman Forum, he expresses the hope that the annexed plan, "reproduced from that of M. Dutert, will enable the reader to form a general idea" of the place. But the "annexed plan" in this edition is not Dutert's at all, and is somebody's idea of the Forum in the first years of the Republic, while the text deals with the Forum of the Empire. Again, M. Thomas knew better than to call the rows of tombs outside the Herculaneum Gate "a street in Pompeii"; and he would hardly have referred to Overbeck-Mau for the fresco of the battle in the amphitheatre and then have given a full-page illustration of it in his own book, some eighty pages further on. The fact is, that out of the twenty-one illustrations here published, only two (and these in twice the size) appeared in the original work; the rest (including the frontispiece called "View of the Excavations in Pompeii," but apparently taken from some cork or other model) are the generous, if somewhat casual, additions of the American compiler. But aside from this matter no injustice has been done to the French scholar's work. The translation represents his pleasant style fairly well; it is correct and in the main spirited and idiomatic. And we are to thank the translator for the addition of an index. Readers of the original will recall in what an attractive and sympathetic manner M. Thomas deals with his subjects, and how thoroughly at home he is in the Rome of the Empire. In particular, his chapters on the Pompeian *graffiti*, on the baths and the extraordinary bathing habits of the Romans, on wills and legacy-hunters, on the general attitude of Romans towards the Emperor and the precarious and often grotesque daily life of that unhappy functionary, and finally his witty study of the younger Pliny as the typical Roman of the time—all these will be found entertaining and enlightening by the general reader.

—Miss Wormeley, already known through her translations of Balzac, now completes the series with a volume (Hardy, Pratt & Co.) giving the great novelist's opinions chiefly on historical, political, and literary questions, as expressed in his correspondence and miscellaneous writings. They are here set before the public in translated extracts disposed in tolerably regular chronological order. It will readily be understood that the omission to lay under exhaustive contribution the numerous volumes of the 'Comédie Humaine' was determined by reasons of convenience; but, as a consequence, readers of the book will necessarily receive a one-sided impression of the man and his views. We can hardly be said, for instance, to grasp the full significance

of Balzac's historical and political leanings without taking account of his social ideas unmistakably delivered in 'Eugénie Grandet,' 'Le Médecin de Campagne,' and 'Le Curé de Village.' In all three of these novels well-known characters obviously act as mouthpieces for the author. Likewise, the singular mysticism of Balzac's intellect remains incomplete without at least passing reference to his avowed belief in occultism and the black art contained in a famous paragraph of 'Le Cousin Pons,' which might have been written by M. Joséphin Péladan. Of the translation all we can say is that it is for the most part accurately interpretative, as well as representative, of Balzac's labored style; but traces of haste and inaccuracy are not wanting. "The Lily of the Valley" is but an ambiguous equivalent to offer for 'Le Lys dans la Vallée'; while "le pêcheur à la ligne," though willing enough to acknowledge himself an angler, would hardly recognize himself as "a fisherman on the line." And it would surely have been possible to convey in another form the contents of such a sentence as the following (p. 130): "As for the third school, which derives from the two others, it has not as many chances as they to impassion the masses, which never like middle paths or composite things, and which regard eclecticism as an arrangement contrary to their passions, inasmuch as it tends to calm them."

MUNGER'S BUSHNELL.

Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

If one who had never heard of Dr. Bushnell were to come upon the two admirable portraits of him presented in this volume—one of his middle age, the other of his ripest years—he would wish to know something of the man who looked like these. Two pages of chronology at the outset give the principal facts of his life from his birth, in 1802, till his death, in 1876; a list of his published writings, including some sixty titles, following. These helps are more fully appreciated because Dr. Munger is rather shy of naked facts and dates in the main body of his book. Another help that deserves honorable mention is the admirable index.

The less mechanical parts of Dr. Munger's work fulfil the promise of these external features. He brings to Dr. Bushnell a reverent admiration, but his attitude towards his thought is never that of the advocate or the apologist. It is calmly and kindly judicial. Particular courses of action are frankly blamed; particular lines of thought are marked as aberrations from the line of Bushnell's real advance on the "improvements" of the New Haven School. There is no attempt to represent Bushnell as a theological finality. His was a work of liberation, breaking up the "cake of custom" which had thickened and hardened on the New England orthodox mind. It was provisional, but not without elements of enduring spiritual value. It means much to Dr. Munger that Bushnell was a pre-evolutionist, but some will find Dr. Munger over-confident that the doctrine of evolution would have enabled Bushnell to work out a more consistent and abiding scheme of thought. Like Cardinal Newman and Emerson, he was an evolution-

ist before Darwin. The Darwinian doctrine has not had for everybody those genial theological implications which it has for Dr. Munger. Living for sixteen years after the publication of the 'Origin of Species,' Bushnell had time enough to square his thought with that epoch-making book, but he made no attempt to do so. We are told in a single sentence that he was interested in his last years in the new discoveries of science, especially in the correlation of forces. But they did not make any impression on the general substance of his thought.

The fact is that, though much interested in science at all times, he was preëminently theological and scholastic in the general working of his mind. He belonged to the same intellectual family as Coleridge and Schleiermacher. He was much indebted to these, especially to the former's 'Aids to Reflection.' Speculative theology was the field of his activity, and he cultivated it with great originality. But if we expect from him the workings of the free intellect, we shall expect too much. Dr. Munger is pleased to find in him a new species, but he would be more truly represented as a new variety of the same species to which Edwards and Bellamy, and Hopkins and Dwight, and Taylor and Tyler belonged. Their schemes were all "improvements" upon Calvinism, and Bushnell's was another. There was little Calvinism left in it, but no free thinking, except such as was incidental. Jonathan Edwards was a daring rationalist; to rationalize Calvinism was his main intent. Bushnell was another, very much like Edwards in the delicacy of his spiritual insight and the poetic quality of his mind. Bushnell's great anxiety, equally with Edwards, was to find some *modus vivendi* for the traditional theology in a rational scheme of thought. Dr. Munger says: "It is pathetic to think of him as standing on the border-land of evolution and not entering it." It is more pathetic to think how little he helped himself from the critical investigations of the Bible which had proceeded so far in his time. He is continually wasting his energy upon problems which would not have existed for him if he could boldly have laid hold of that critical understanding of the Bible which was easily within his reach.

The general formation of Dr. Bushnell's thought dropped through the surface of his work of every kind, but in some places much more conspicuously than in others. We have only to consider the titles of his sermons and addresses to see that he was very much the poet, and had many large imaginative thoughts. It is interesting to trace the affinities of these with those of other thinkers. His theory of language was fatal to creed-subscription as implying uniform belief. Here he anticipated Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma' and Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief.' His splendid Cambridge address on "Work and Play," if not suggested by Schiller's doctrine of æsthetics, is a remarkable coincidence. Dr. Munger has himself indicated Dr. Bushnell's partial anticipation of Prof. Royce's doctrine of a suffering deity.

It would be difficult to say whether Dr. Bushnell did more for the rehabilitation of orthodoxy than for its disintegration. It is certain that he gave it a new lease of life as "a form of sound doctrine," but with intellectual and ethical contents quite different from any before known. Dr. Munger,

forgetting for the moment Bushnell's great service in his conception of theological language as necessarily symbolical and devoid of scientific precision, writes under four heads his principal contributions to religious progress. One of these was his book on 'Christian Nurture,' which went strongly counter to the traditional systems of conversion and revivalism and to Edwards's opinion that little children are "vipers and infinitely worse than vipers." Another was his 'God in Christ,' which relieved orthodoxy, provisionally, from the taint of tritheism which had made it obnoxious to the Unitarian mind. It did this, however, by swamping the humanity of Jesus absolutely in his deity. The method of the newest orthodoxy is very different from this—the direct opposite; it makes the perfect humanity of Jesus answerable for his deity—a device incomparably inferior to Bushnell's in its logical coherency. His third contribution was his 'Nature and the Supernatural,' which set aside the traditional view of miracles as suspensions of natural law. At this point, fortunately for his orthodoxy, Dr. Bushnell followed the lead of Coleridge in a matter of definition, had Theodore Parker adopted which he would have been the greatest supernaturalist of his time, without any change in the substance of his doctrine. The fourth contribution was 'The Vicarious Sacrifice,' in which Dr. Bushnell made a sharp break with the scheme of Grotius, the "governmental theory" of the atonement, and substituted for that the new and startling view of God as actually suffering with and for men. Many will think, with Dr. Munger, that here was a great contribution, but others will find it only a waste of daring ingenuity in the attempt to rationalize a doctrine which has no foothold in the simplicity of Jesus' teachings, nor in a rational conception of the world.

Whatever value we may set upon these several contributions, they do not exhaust the significance of Dr. Bushnell for theological thinkers, and much less for religious souls. Dr. Munger's book contains so many appetizing bits from his writings that many who read it will be buying Bushnell's works or hunting up their ancient copies. Every one of his principal works was charged with heresy, and various attempts were made to convict him on the charges made. They failed because the particular group of churches in which his own belonged would not take the initial steps. Even after the withdrawal of his church from the general Consociation, his opponents only very gradually gave up the hope of setting upon him the mark of Cain. All these things seem far remote as we read Dr. Munger's own heresies, and think how safe he is from any ecclesiastical molestation. His rejection of Calvinism is as flat as Channing's or Parker's. He has much favorable comment on the Unitarian protest, and finds it amply justified by the tritheism, and still more by the pessimistic anthropology, of the New England Calvinists. He considers Bushnell's relations to the Unitarians, and inquires so coolly why he did not join their ranks that the more orthodox of the Congregationalists will be little pleased with his remarks.

Dr. Bushnell was not much given to writing letters, but of his few correspondents Dr. Bartol, the Boston Unitarian, now eighty-six years old, was one of the most favored. Dr. Bushnell wrote to him in 1847, "I think I can state my orthodox faith in such a way

that no serious Unitarian will conflict with me, or feel that I am beyond the terms of reason." "This," says Dr. Munger, "was before Theodore Parker had preached the sermon at West Roxbury on the Transient and Permanent in Religion." There are three mistakes in this sentence. The sermon was preached six years before—in 1841; it was preached at South Boston; and its subject was "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity." Dr. Munger fancies that "this would have led Bushnell to speak less hopefully"; but certainly there was more in common between the modern Unitarians and Bushnell than between him and the older Arians. Could he have universalized what he specialized, the agreement between him and the modern Unitarians would have been very close. In his chapter called "Estimates" Dr. Munger quotes a letter from Dr. Bartol, written after Dr. Bushnell's death. He would have done better if he had quoted Dr. Bartol's estimate of Bushnell from his 'Principles and Portraits.'

Dr. Bushnell's personality as revealed in these pages is profoundly interesting and engaging. His character abounded in the most sweet and wholesome traits. The homelier aspects of New England life had for him great attraction. His domestic life was rarely beautiful. It was reflected in his 'Christian Nurture,' as much else of his experience was reflected in what he wrote. In his civic consciousness he maintained the best traditions of the New England pulpit. It is an interesting fact that his first printed sermon was upon the mobbing of Garrison in 1835. His detestation of slavery found expression in many notable sermons and addresses; opposition to woman's suffrage, in 'The Reform against Nature,' on which the course of time has made a comment which is generally adverse.

FINNISH POPULAR POETRY.

The Traditional Poetry of the Finns. By Domenico Comparetti. Translated by Isabella M. Anderton, with Introduction by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. xxvii + 359.

The substance of the present book originally appeared under the title 'Il "Kalevala" o la poesia tradizionale dei Finni; Studio storico-critico sulle origini delle grandi epopee nazionali,' in the proceedings, for 1893, of the Italian Accademia dei Lincei, of which the writer, the well-known author of 'Virgil in the Middle Ages,' is a fellow. The occasion of the essay is the bearing of the traditional poetry of the Finns, and in particular of the Finnish national epic, the 'Kalevala,' upon the so-called Homeric question. The book, in point of fact, as Mr. Lang reminds us, is the prelude to a work on the Homeric poems. If this be its chief value in the mind of its author, it certainly is not its only value to the reader, for this is altogether the most comprehensive, the most lucid, and generally most valuable presentation of the subject of Finnish popular poetry that has thus far been put forward. The whole question of origin of manner and matter is at last intelligibly presented; and though some do and others will deny the book a definitive character in not a few of its conclusions, it will stand for many a day as the first and best treatise on a subject that has been singularly misunderstood, not only by the laity, but by the learned.

Professor Comparetti's exposition is that of one who has thoroughly gone over the ground himself, and, unlike our old friend in the story who evolved his facts from the depths of his inner consciousness, he has seen his camel face to face. He has made, he tells us in his short preface, four visits to the North, thus curing a common defect of criticism at long range, however astute it may be. Comparetti's method, finally, to use Mr. Lang's term, is preëminently sane. It gives us, as far as possible, a record of cause and effect. Whether the conclusions to be drawn from Finnish poetry with regard to the origins of the great national epics, as contained in the final chapter, shall be left to stand in detail or not, the book for ever eliminates a number of assumed parallelisms, and thus undoubtedly contributes to the final diagnosis of the question.

Finnish popular poetry is by no means contained in its entirety in the 'Kalevala,' the national epic. Of whatever kind it is, however, it is song. Comparetti describes it as "a fluctuating mass of verse in a perennial state of transformation, of decomposition and of recomposition." The singer, the *laulaja*, repeats and creates at the same time, using, according to his needs, words, phrases, and formulas out of the mass of songs he has in mind, but putting them together in continually varying combination. In kind these songs are epic, magic, and lyric, all written in one metre, and all amenable to one rule of composition. The characteristic form of Finnish poetry—its one, unvarying form—is the "rune," of different length and without strophic division, but inevitably made up of lines of eight syllables forming four trochaic feet, with alliteration and frequent, although not necessary, rhyme. It is the metre that Longfellow, taking the 'Kalevala' as his model, successfully used in 'Hiawatha':

"Veli kulta veikkoseni
Kaunis kasvin kumpallini."

The popular singers of the "runes" know no large poem, and do not, says the author, seem able to imagine one. The first "rune" collectors, too, considered and published only detached songs, without even an attempt at classification. Lönnrot, who ultimately put together the 'Kalevala,' at the outset—in his first collection, 'Kantele,' 1829-31—has himself no thought of "a poem latent in the mass of songs." The idea of combining the "runes" according to a common subject goes back to Reinhold von Bekker, who published in 1820 a number relating to Väinämöinen. Lönnrot's first attempt at combination, which, however, he did not publish, was made in 1833. He speedily set to work on a longer poem, which, as the 'Kalevala,' a title evolved by himself, he presented in 1835 to the Society of Finnish Literature, who published it that same year. The form of the 'Kalevala' in this first arrangement was thirty-two "runes" and more than 12,000 lines. Lönnrot subsequently reordered the whole, with the addition of new material, so that its final shape, as it appeared in 1849, is fifty "runes" and 22,800 lines.

The 'Kalevala' is a synthesis of traditional Finnish poetry, a selection of separate epic, epic-lyric, and magic songs, which Lönnrot had brought together and ordered into a poetic whole. It is not only interesting, but important, to notice his method of

composition. He has, it is first to be noted, not made use in the poem of all the material at hand, since not only do countless variants exist, but a mass of similar material is either not included or not fully incorporated. Comparetti further points out that there is no single song really and unvaryingly sung by the people as Lönnrot has published it; he puts together that which is best, and amends one variant at the expense of others. The order of the "runes" is Lönnrot's own. The *laulaja*, it has already been said, knows no large poem. He does understand, however, a long song and the combination of the "runes" in various manners, and with this in mind Lönnrot himself asserts that he has done nothing but what the popular singers themselves do. The author explains, on the other hand, that while, as a concomitant of the lack of definiteness and consistency in the rune itself—"always old and always new, always the same and always different"—whole songs are combined in a hundred ways at the arbitrary will of the singer, they never converge toward one determined, clearly defined subject. In the ordering of the songs Lönnrot found it necessary, from time to time, to supply a connecting link of his own; he put them together, however, without essentially important inventions or additions.

The 'Kalevala,' then, as a poem is a personal work of Lönnrot's. The chapter on the composition of the 'Kalevala,' in which Comparetti follows Krohn, goes carefully and in detail into the question as to what songs have been taken to form the poem; to the relation between Lönnrot's combinations and those of the popular singers; and to the way in which he, "extending this manner of combining far beyond the boundaries of popular usage, sometimes even changing, with a certain amount of liberty, names of persons and places, has strung together various groups, has added to each one of them, and has built them up into a great poem." In the second edition of the poem, particularly, he, furthermore, retouched the language and the metre with the intention of producing a homogeneous whole, and in doing this, it is pointed out, was not always able to conceal the marks of his own work.

On the basis of all these facts, it is evident that the 'Kalevala' is not a reconstruction, as Lönnrot himself claimed and plainly believed, but a new creation. In other words, it is not, as it has been considered, an ancient national epos, orally preserved by tradition, and collected from the mouths of the people. Its material is undoubtedly national, but as a poem it cannot be considered at all a national product, since it goes back to Lönnrot and to him alone. The poem is unlike any real national epos whatever. It has a marked poetic unity, but, according to Comparetti, only that amount of unity of subject, of continuity between song and song, that is necessary to connect it together externally—that is, no real organic unity at all. He asks what is the central idea of the poem, and fails to find it. The question has been answered variously by different scholars. Lönnrot himself made the episode of the Sampo the connecting thread of the story. Comparetti with right denies that it actually is; the plot in that case is full of inconsistencies, of action without motive, and of motive, as fruitful as any, without action.

The 'Kalevala,' too, unlike any other national epos, has no historical background. "He who seeks an historical kernel will find the nut empty," the author sententiously asserts. The only idea concerning the historical meaning of the 'Kalevala' that can be seriously maintained is, that it is an echo of the ancient conflict between the advancing Finns and the Lapps. So able an authority as Retzius, however, denies that the Lapps have ever had a more southern abode than at present. The dominant idea of Finnish poetry, according to Comparetti's exposition, is Shamanic. The poetry at the outset was the work of the Shamans, who were also poets, and was, therefore, essentially magic. Alquist, too, considers the primitive poetry of the "rune" the poetry of the magic songs, many of which are exemplified in the 'Kalevala.' The epic "rune," with its heroic types, is nothing but an offshoot from the magic "rune," the mother of the demonic myth. All this is quite outside the province of history or of even remote historical prototype, and in this dictum we must agree with Comparetti, however much we may disagree with the details of his treatment of the heroic myth, in the chapter thus headed.

The 'Kalevala,' as a national epos in essential conditions, is unique. Just as little is it, according to Comparetti's conclusions, in its genesis as a poem like the great national epics of other nations. It has been frequently cited as a positive exemplification of the origin of the greater epics in minor songs. Steinthal, in this way, places the 'Kalevala' beside the two Homeric poems, the 'Nibelungenlied' and the 'Chanson de Roland.' Lönnrot, accordingly, is the "Homer of Finland"—not the Homer poet of old literary tradition, but the Homer collector, of the Wolfian and Lachmann theory. All this, however, says the author, is merely an hallucination, and the study of the poem at close quarters shows "the vanity of the theory that would explain in this way the origins of the great national epic cycles." Lönnrot, he points out, is a modern scholar, conscientious and careful of details, who collects songs and variants by the hundred, combines them, and composes a poem, which, nevertheless, as has been said, in spite of all his efforts, still plainly shows, in its lack of continuity and consistency of action, that it was made up of scattered elements. It is absurd, he insists, to think that a Greek of the times of Peisistratos, a *jongleur*, or a monk of the Middle Ages, could have conceived, undertaken, and effected such a work. "The 'Kalevala,'" he concludes, "is not, as it would seem to be, an actual example of the passage from minor songs to the large poem; it is not, as has been supposed, illustrative of a similar passage in the Homeric poems and in the 'Nibelungen'; it is not an example of a poem that has really been formed out of the songs of the people."

'Kalevala' criticism is, of course, by no manner of means virgin soil. Its scientific aspect, however, goes back only to Julius Krohn, whose consideration of the poem in his 'History of Finnish Literature' (Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Historia; Helsingfors, 1885) was epoch-making. Since then a considerable literature has arisen in Finland and out of it, particularly in Sweden and Germany, of which Comparetti has

made abundant use. The present book is a noteworthy, indeed even a brilliant, addition to this material, and it was a happy idea to give it a wider public than it possibly could have had in its original place of appearance. As an exposition the book is comprehensive, although, as Mr. Lang rather regretfully remarks, the author has not dwelt much on the literary charm of the poem. The chapters on the Divine and the Heroic Myth are, from the nature of the case, the least satisfactory part of the book, and serve in many ways to show how much is yet to be done in the field of Finnish mythology. Not a few of Comparetti's own explanations and etymologies contained in this part of the work, though astute, are surely untenable; but that is a matter of detail into which it is here impossible to go.

The English translation of the book is admirably idiomatic. It unfortunately lacks an index. Curiously enough, from cover to cover there is no mention of the source of the original, which is all the more necessary since it has never before appeared separately in book form.

Oom Paul's People. By Howard C. Hillegas. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

On many accounts this book will be very acceptable to American readers. Nearly everything that has been written about South Africa is the work of English hands, and is not likely to be altogether impartial. Mr. Bryce's admirable book, it is true, is marked by fairness, but it does not cover the critical period since the Jameson raid. Were it brought down to date, it would be the standard authority, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Bryce may some time continue it; but meanwhile we must be content with the contemporary reports. Mr. Hillegas writes as a citizen of the United States, familiar with the commercial interests of his country in South Africa, and personally acquainted with the leading men there, both Boers and Englishmen. In spite of the fact that our trade with the Transvaal has become very considerable, he does not regard the rule of the Boers as oppressive, and evidently considers that the complaints which we hear of it are exaggerated.

In his view, the present troubles are entirely due to the root of all evil—the *auri sacra fames*. "The population of South Africa," he says, "may be divided into three great classes of individuals: first, those who are only waiting for the time when they will be able to leave the country—the Uitlanders; second, those who hope that that time may speedily come—the native-born whites; and, third, those who have no hope at all—the negroes." The second class, the Afrikaners, are an agricultural and pastoral people, while the Uitlanders are almost exclusively engaged in mining and the industries connected therewith. Most of the Afrikaners are Boers, while the Uitlanders are of all races. Every possible cause of discord is thus present; race, religion, occupation, tradition, and ideal are all conflicting. Since the mines are not likely to be exhausted for generations, there is no hope that the invaders will depart; and the only rational solution, the separation of the mining region from the Transvaal Republic, is blocked by the dreams of universal empire in which Mr.

Rhodes has persuaded the English people to indulge.

The sudden outbreak of hostilities confirms the account given by Mr. Hillegas of the bitter hatred of the English by the Boers. Rightly or wrongly, the Boers are convinced that no faith is to be given to English promises. They believe that the English mean to rule over them, and that sooner or later the issue must be fought out. We do not need to repeat the story of past troubles, but Mr. Hillegas shows how the Boers feel concerning them. He makes out a strong case against the English, and if he leans to the Boers' side, it must be said that we are likely to have abundant testimony in behalf of the English. He makes it clear that when it comes to guerrilla warfare, the Boers will be formidable antagonists. They are trained marksmen; they know the country, and they can endure the severest privations. Physically, they are a race of giants, the average height of full-grown men being not less than six feet and two inches. Altogether, the description of this people given by Mr. Hillegas is one of the fullest and most interesting that have appeared, and it deserves to be generally read. His account of his interview with President Krüger is especially instructive.

Interesting on other grounds are the particulars concerning the exports from this country to South Africa. Five years ago this trade was insignificant, now it exceeds that of every other country except England. Almost all the gold mines on the Rand are furnished with American machinery, and the same is true of the Kimberley diamond mines. The street railways are operated by electric appliances made in New York and Pennsylvania, and the apparatus for electric lighting has the same origin. Nearly all the lumber used in the mining districts comes from Puget Sound, and coal, petroleum, provisions, and live stock from this country figure largely in the commercial returns. Nor do these returns tell the whole story, for many orders for American goods are filled by English houses, the goods being sent by way of England. Our imports from South Africa are apparently insignificant, vessels going to South Africa being obliged to proceed to India or Australia for return cargoes. We really take our pay in diamonds and gold. One-fourth of the product of the Kimberley mines is supposed to reach America, and part of the gold from Johannesburg is put to our credit in London. The effect of the war on this trade must be very marked, but we can at present only conjecture its extent. Concerning Johannesburg Mr. Hillegas has an interesting chapter, although his picture is not an attractive one. As a rule his descriptions are graphic and concise, and his book is in general well worth reading.

Tramping with Tramps: Studies and Sketches of Vagabond Life. By Josiah Flynt. With a Prefatory Note by Andrew D. White. The Century Company. 1899. Pp. xiv, 398.

The author of 'Tramping with Tramps' has discovered the under-world and traveled—it would be no exaggeration to say, lived—in it. He has had a gift for vagabondage like another man's gift for music. He began his investigations at the age of three by running away from home; for

twenty-eight years he has, at intervals, continued them. He has taken side-streets and by-ways as seriously as explorers of another turn of mind have taken the Arctic circle and Darkest Africa; he has explored Darkest Germany, Darkest Russia and Siberia, Darkest England and United States, and undergone hardships, danger, and hunger sufficiently appalling to the average candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy: there is an element of colossal humor in the fact that he undertook no small part of his wanderings to obtain material for a doctor's thesis at Berlin. He has "beaten" his way in box-cars—"side-door Pullmans"—and ridden hundreds of miles "on the trucks"; he has begged and been clubbed, and thrust into jail, and taken his chances with his companions of the road in haystacks, and in lodgings among vermin, human and otherwise. He knows the outcast as his comrades know him, and speaks his language; he knows his pride and his ambition, his judgment on life and what he talks about in moments of expansion, what he eats and wears, and how he gets what he eats and wears, and is expert in the class-distinctions among pariahs. He has seen wonderful things in alleys, and found the amenities of life in low pot-houses and at back doors, and sets down the record of his experience with a manly directness and simplicity. Some of the "sketches," notably "Old Boston Mary" and "Jamie the Kid," are almost too good to be true; but the author has so mastered the accent of veracity that it is impossible not to suppose the details, if not literally, yet substantially, an accurate description of things seen.

'Tramping with Tramps' belongs to the class of books that are light reading for indolent readers, but it belongs also to the class of books that become recognized authorities to students. The literature of criminology has in recent years become voluminous, but it would be difficult to name another book on the subject that is based on so intimate and extensive a knowledge as is 'Tramping with Tramps.' The writer whose nom de plume is Josiah Flynt is, in all probability, easily the head of his profession. Other criminologists have known the outcast almost exclusively as a foreigner; he has known the outcast as a friend and familiar. They have known him "under domestication" in confinement; Mr. Flynt has known him "in the open." They have been obliged to rely in no small part on the accounts the outcast has chosen to give of himself—accounts given always in a mood of essential hostility to the investigator, and often with a direct purpose of obtaining some personal advantage; in particular, some mitigation of prison discipline; Mr. Flynt has been obliged to rely on nothing more open to suspicion than the outcast's unreserved speech and conduct among his fellows. Other criminologists have weighed and measured the outcast, photographed his facial angle, and recorded his "ghost stories"; Mr. Flynt has shared his fortunes, his gains and losses, and is full of the wisdom of special cases and knowledge at first hand. In opposition to the general opinion, Mr. Flynt is convinced that the outcast is usually, considering his birth and opportunities, a person of far more than ordinary reading, intelligence, diligence, and sheer rude power of will. The outcast, whether "hobo" or thief, is in

all essentials the male harlot; the harlot is the female "hobo" or thief; and both, in a higher grade of society, would belong to the *entrepreneurs* in the business, social, and political world—to the exceptional people who have the natural leadership, the audacity and pluck, to assume great risks in the expectation of great returns.

It must in fairness be added that the most eminent criminologists, from Lombroso to Nordau, have been "loose" in their reasoning and "sensational" in their conclusions. It is wholly to Mr. Flynt's honor that he states his dissent from the more celebrated of his fellow-investigators in an accent of cautious common sense. He has not written his doctor's thesis; but this is only because he has chosen to present the material for it in a more attractive and a more widely useful form.

American Lands and Letters: Leatherstocking to Poe's Raven. By Donald G. Mitchell. Scribners. 1899.

This book affords a good example of the growing tendency of the times to convert all literature into a department of illustrated journalism. The solid and imposing volume presents, when once opened, all the familiar features of the editorial-room: headlines, colloquialisms, omniscience, and inaccuracies. Covering with his too comprehensive title all contemporary knowledge, the author's aim seems to be merely to gather in the eminent American names of the last fifty years, usually with the least possible reference to personal acquaintance, and often with the merest guessing at the actual character of the man or woman discussed. The narrative is a curious mixture of the past and present tenses, and the style has unexpected transitions from the familiar to the high-flown—from "don't" and "'twas" and "isn't it" to such sentences as this about Hawthorne: "No such aureole belongs to the thinking gold coin which soon after has a little intermittent outpour from the till of the Salem Custom-house upon his domestic paths" (p. 226); or where Mr. Mitchell describes the plain schoolboys of the Round Hill School, who habitually sawed their own wood and made their own fires, as having "in lustrous toilettes filed away" to church (p. 40). The book is full of repetitions, each chapter telling over again at the outset what the previous chapter has told, and the preface adding a summary of the whole. The author's epithets are often curiously inappropriate, as when he describes the shy Thoreau as a "swart, bumptious man" (p. 278), or says of Parker's preaching that he "thundered and glittered" (p. 201), or burlesques him as "a man in careless or disordered toilette" (p. 171) simply because, like most of the younger Unitarian clergy then and now, he preached without a surplice. Even when Mr. Mitchell wishes to be complimentary he is apt to land in some infelicitous epithet, as when he describes James Freeman Clarke as "learned" (p. 357), which certainly does not describe the strongest point of that excellent man; or praises Bancroft for a "painstaking, conscientious balancing of authorities" (p. 48), which later historians do not always find in his books.

When we come to personal characterizations, we find mention of "Dr. Andrews Norton" (pp. 32, 404) and his "doctoral" pen,

although a glance at the Harvard Quinquennial Catalogue would have shown the author that this eminent theologian never received the doctorate and was not even a clergyman. Nor was the "Rev. Henry James" entitled to the prefix bestowed upon him (pp. 150, 403), although he spent a year or two in a theological school. The Rev. William Henry Channing was not the son of Dr. Walter Channing (p. 166), but his nephew, being the son of Francis Dana Channing; nor was he at all out of place, as implied, among the Brook Farm gayeties, he being a man with a keen sense of humor and an admirable mimic. Poe's "Ligeia" is transformed to "Leigeia" (p. 393), and that author's middle name becomes Allen, instead of Allan, in the running-title of page 373. The faun-tips attributed by Hawthorne to Donatello's ears become "fawn-tips" (p. 272) in Mr. Mitchell's hands; and the motto, "There is no joy but calm," placed by Julian Hawthorne's boyish hands on the study walls of the Wayside at Concord, is mentioned (p. 265) as having been inscribed by his father.

Nothing, finally, in the book is more essentially journalistic than the want of all reverence for the sacredness of a quotation-mark. Where the author quotes a phrase, he does not hesitate to translate it into his own very colloquial English, still retaining the signs of quotation. Thus, he cites Holmes as saying in a letter of 1835: "They talk about Henry VII. Chapel of Westminster: 't would make a very pretty pigeon-house for Milan Cathedral" (p. 340); whereas Holmes really says: "They talk of Henry the 7th's chapel in Westminster Abbey; it would make a very pretty pigeon-house for the Milan cathedral" ('Life and Letters,' I, p. 154). In a similar way, Mr. Mitchell mentions "the so-called 'Slavery Poems'" of Longfellow (p. 290), whereas the title of the book was simply 'Poems on Slavery,' and it is difficult to see how it could have been more simply or appropriately christened. It is fair to say that, with all these defects, the book will be found readable, for it has a kind of slipshod vivacity. But it seems a pity that a series of illustrations so good should be combined with letter-press so mediocre.

George Sand, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par Wladimir Karénine. Vols. I, II. Paris: Ollendorff. 1899.

Of the nine hundred pages composing these two volumes, which deal with no more than the first thirty-four years (1804-1838) of George Sand's life, a very generous portion has been reserved by the biographer for explanation, commentary, and digression. The announcement of this work had doubtless led other readers as well as ourselves to expect something of a different character. The pseudonym, it was said, but half concealed a foreign writer of distinction especially qualified for the task of treating the great novelist's life and work with fulness and impartiality. Of want of fulness no complaint is likely to be urged; few recent biographies on a large scale show an equal minuteness in the verification of even unimportant details, and many of the footnotes to this work are occupied with the correction of small errors of other writers on the same subject. But, unfortunately, strict impartiality is not attainable by mere patient application alone; neither is it achieved by waiving all discus-

sion of the moral problems presented by any life that is worth the telling. The present biographer of George Sand enters an initial protest against judging great artists by standards of conduct intended for common mortals. Our readers will probably remember under what circumstances a similar plea was once applied to Cellini. Yet, from a rigorously psychological point of view, it may very reasonably be held that any treatment of the sentimental complications in which George Sand was involved by her temperament, should at least be free from attempts to shift the onus of situations from shoulders fully entitled to bear some share of it.

A specific instance of such attempt appears in connection with the notorious Sand-Musset (or Musset-Sand) escapade to Italy. Without seeking to fix the blame of the severed liaison on either of the persons concerned, may we not draw attention to the fact (prudently shelved in a foot-note by the biographer) that George Sand was twenty-nine years of age and six years older than Musset? And as the author of 'Indiana' claimed absolute equality for the sexes under similar conditions, one is also tempted to ask what conclusion would generally have been reached had the ages been reversed. Again, though M. Dudevant was by no means a sympathetic character, it is reasonable to suppose that the painful relations which ended in judicial separation were not in this case more than in any other exclusively of his making. Likewise, with Michel de Bourges, who played for some years a leading part in the drama of George Sand's life, we are given to understand that his tyranny and intolerance were alone responsible for the rupture. Neither here nor elsewhere is there any clear admission of the defects in a feminine nature to which other biographers had drawn attention long ere this.

"Wladimir Karénine" contends that the three conventional divisions of George Sand's literary life appear altogether arbitrary when confronted with her work, in which, from the earliest period, all three elements are readily discernible. This is, after all, a question of *nuance*. While admitting that we find peasants in 'Indiana' and social theorizing in 'François le Champi,' we may yet decline to place the two novels in one category.

The newest, and consequently most interesting, feature in this work is the information it gives regarding the wide-reaching influence of George Sand's writings on Russian ideas, opinions, and sentiments from her day even down to our own. Her passionate pleading for individualism and the ethically justifiable supremacy of emotion seems to have found a ready response in the Slavic heart. Nothing can be more significant than the words of Turgeneff, describing George Sand as "une de nos saintes." Whether there is exaggeration or not in this, it is hardly for us to say; but, at all events, it appears that George Sand still retains a larger share of popularity in Russia than among her own compatriots.

On the other hand, strenuous efforts are made by the biographer to establish the fundamental originality of the dominant ideas in the whole of George Sand's fiction, and thus to dispel the general opinion that the various love episodes of her life mark the periods of intellectual development. Without disputing what bears the appearance of feministic paradox, we nevertheless fail to see why such discussion implies in every

case the elaborate setting forth of the detailed life of lovers or friends concerned. In this respect, however, the present life of George Sand has at least the merit of giving its readers a great deal more than the promise of its title-page.

As there is much stickling for accuracy in matters of detail throughout this work, it may be remarked that Monckton Milnes did not become "Lord Houghton," and that Anglo-Saxons never, even for humorous purposes, refer to Shakspeare as "Sir William" (p. 61).

The European Tour. By Grant Allen, author of 'Florence,' 'Paris,' 'Belgium,' etc. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899. Pp. 297.

To the man of doubts and scruples there is a curious attraction in the man who is always cocksure. Those airs of infallibility give him a refreshing sense of conscious strength, not always durable, but pleasant so long as it lasts.

We do not mean to apply this reflection too closely to the writing of Mr. Grant Allen. He really has something to say as true as it is downright in expression; but the sort of fascination mentioned is mingled with a manner of exaggeration which, according to the reader's disposition, will brighten his attention with a laugh, or try his patience. It is the first thing that strikes one on opening the 'European Tour'; the dogmatism is tempered by an enthusiasm—one might call it gush—that, for our part, we find truly diverting. A few examples will illustrate our meaning, besides being more entertaining than any amount of dissertation:

"Those frescoes [at Saronno] are among the loveliest things of their sort in Italy; but if you turn aside to see them, there will be no end to it. You will spend the rest of your life between here and Florence, and totter in, at last, a gray-haired man, to die of old age at Siena" (p. 178).

"I can only say, that one church of St. Ambrose is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. Nothing of interest in Milan! Why, the old stone outside the church where the Lombard Kings took the coronation oath in the ancient fashion, is in itself a wonder. As for the early Christian remains, they are worth five ordinary northern minsters" (p. 181).

"But Cologne has other saints scarcely less important. . . . Each has his or her own church, very interesting churches, too, which you must by no means neglect; worth six weeks apiece of London or modern Paris" (p. 152).

"The Certosa of Pavla alone, of which I dare say you never read till to-day [the italics are ours], far outweighs any two average northern cathedrals. . . . Fancy wasting your time over Winchester or Salisbury with the Certosa unvisited!" (p. 191).

"To chronicle everything in Florence would need a book six times as big as would be required for Paris, and about forty times the size that would be needed, scale for scale, for London" (p. 212).

"Therefore I do not ask you to stop long enough in Venice to see St. Mark's. Human life extends on the average to only three-score years and ten—which of course are inadequate" (p. 250).

These samples, whether they please you or not, are doubtless sufficient to show that the book is not exactly dull reading. We stopped in the easy selection only because the last citation reminded us of an English girl who once said that "It were better that Venice were sunk beneath the sea, rather than that St. Mark's should be restored!" This little anecdote will not suffer if we re-

veal that it was told by Robert Browning as of his personal experience.

We have already hinted that when one has had one's laugh over the peculiarities of Mr. Grant Allen's manner, one has to own that the book has its serious side, and that its purpose is excellent. Given the author's temperament, it goes without saying that, even in the matter, you have to put aside as undigested or insufficient many of his utterances. One may smile at the pages occupied in urging the European tour as a substitute for a university education. The raw lad, guiltless of classic reading, and necessarily with little of any other, is hardly the material out of which is made an intelligent student of early Tuscan art. There is frequent occasion to question the justice of Mr. Allen's appreciations, as, e. g., in slighting Holland, or in calling Belgian architecture "sublime," when he has had next to nothing to say about the vastly superior architecture from which the best things in Belgium are derived. It may be a fault that the book makes little provision for the needs of any student other than of art in general and painting in particular, but that means merely that it is not for the specialist.

We have done with limitations, errors, and eccentricities of form; it remains to be owned that, for the tourist who wishes to get the highest possible enjoyment and teaching out of his year in Europe, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find another guide so stimulating and suggestive. It transforms the usual aimless and unintelligent scramble into a well-ordered curriculum. We cannot praise too highly Mr. Grant Allen's system which, excluding everything that does not make for his purpose, arranges what is best worth study in a sequence with beginning, middle, and end. He assumes that Italian art is the highest that has been produced by our modern civilization; that to understand it properly you should begin by studying it in its birthplace, where all its surroundings help to explain its meaning to you; that the ordinary fashion of endeavoring to see everything one has ever heard of, or everything recommended in the guide-books, on the way to Italy, implies the absorption of a heterogeneous mass of stuff for which the mind is unprepared, and results in intellectual indigestion; that therefore what you see in going towards Italy should frankly be by way of preparation, and that you should leave the rest unseen until Italy shall have enabled you to get from it all the good it is capable of giving.

How this great and definite purpose is to be followed up is convincingly shown in Mr. Allen's pages; the antics of the showman serve, on the whole, to make the process amusing and keep the interest awake. We are sure that few who allow themselves to be guided by his advice will regret having made Florence the centre, the key to their tour. "Get there as fast as you reasonably can; stop there for ever; and go back again afterwards at frequent intervals," appeals to every one who really knows that queen among cities; but for the beginner the advice is made more understandable: "*Spend as large a proportion of your visit as you can possibly spare in Florence.*" Whatever else you see or leave unseen, do not dock for time the most important thing in Europe." But even in this form the counsel may seem to savor of excess when unsupported by all the capital reasons that the author adduces

in its favor. We would cordially invite any intelligent and earnest young person contemplating the European tour, to buy and carefully read this little book, and if, afterward, he or she fail to abide by its wisdom, the fault will assuredly not be in the presentation of it by Mr. Grant Allen.

The Growth of the Constitution in the Federal Convention of 1787: An Effort to trace the Origin and Development of each separate Clause, from its first Suggestion in that Body to the Form finally approved. Containing also a Facsimile of a heretofore unpublished Manuscript of the First Draft of the Instrument, made for use in the Committee of Detail. By William M. Meigs, author of the Life of Charles Jared Ingersoll. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. [1899.] 1900.

This is a long title of a good book, and it saves labor to a reviewer. Mr. Meigs is one in whose hands a reader may feel safe—a scholar learned, accurate, thorough, and candid. He has done excellent work before now, on subjects connected with constitutional law and the history and literature of that subject. The present book is a most useful and convenient one. Its object is sufficiently indicated in its title. It will turn out, we suspect, to be an indispensable handbook for all careful students of the Federal constitution. Not only has the author done well the simple main task that he set himself, but he has added the touch that only a learned writer could give, by an occasional reference to sources of information rare or hitherto unknown. He reproduces in facsimile a highly interesting document, the draft of a constitution prepared by Edmund Randolph, and used by the Committee of Detail, and makes instructive comments upon this paper, the true character of which Mr. Meigs seems to have been the first to perceive.

Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands. By George A. B. Dewar. [The Haddon Hall Library, Edited by the Marquess of Granby and Mr. George A. B. Dewar.] London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 8vo, pp. 304.

This is an uncommonly attractive book. It is written not only by a lover of nature, but of White's immortal 'History of Selborne'; and while it lacks the artlessness which made that work great, it is none the less worthy. The author is a close and original observer, a good naturalist, and a student of his local history. So we not only follow him into the haunts of the shy warblers, but into obscure local histories which tell how, as late as the last century, "the finest of extinct British birds, the great bustard," was at home in Hampshire; and how, in 1751, a flock of them frightened a huntsman's horse so that he was overset. In another place Mr. Dewar adds his word to the protest (which he thinks growing stronger in England) against the destruction of scarce and beautiful wild things. For his own part, although a collector, he has learned to "name all the birds without a gun"—their song, their plumage, their migration, their habits of nesting; and he notes—through the clear waters of the Hampshire chalk-streams—the antics of the trout for which he is angling. Among birds, he places the night-

ingale highest, for its song, its dignity, and a sober beauty that even distinguishes its eggs.

"Very many people," he says, "are convinced that the nightingale is a very plain, undistinguished-looking bird. In point of fact, the nightingale is about the most distinguished-looking bird of all our smaller summer visitors, whether to wood, field, or mountain. He seems quite what he is—a king among small birds. Look at his large, bright—I was almost going to say gazelle-like—eye, at his nobility of mien and carriage, at the way in which he stands well up off his perch on those long brown legs of his; and you will never afterwards believe the stories about this marvellous singer being a little humble-looking brown bird."

A colored lithograph of the nightingale confirms this remark, suggesting, in gracefulness of outline, our vireo, also a bird of dignity, and a most spiritual songster.

The book contains another excellent plate of two warblers, five landscapes after drawings by Mr. Ralph Hodgson, and a number of vignettes of uncommon merit, by Mr. A. Rackham. Large print and good paper add to its merits.

A Primer of Forestry. Part I. The Forest. By Gifford Pinchot. [Bulletin No. 24, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Forestry.] Washington: Government Printing Office. 1899.

This little book of perhaps not twenty thousand words, with 130 illustrations, will be thankfully received by those whom it concerns, and will doubtless contribute to the weal and wealth of the nation. Though arboriculture is one thing and silviculture another, yet an introductory chapter is judiciously devoted to the life of the tree, its parts, its food, its chemical composition, how it breathes by leaves and lenticels, how it grows at the different seasons, and the consequent structure of the wood, its annual rings, its medullary rays, its heartwood, etc. The second chapter treats of the differences in the silvatic characters of trees, especially between "tolerant" trees, which flourish under more or less heavy shade in early youth, and "intolerant" trees, which demand a comparatively light cover, or even unrestricted light. This capital distinction is the secret of much that seems incomprehensible in lucarian history, and may be called the key to forestry. Various other characters, such as the nature of the seeds, the tendency to sprout, the requirement of moisture, and resistance to heat, cold, and injuries, are here considered. The next chapter—a deeply interesting one—describes the course of events in the life of a forest. Although in an ancient forest trees differing in age by centuries grow side by side, yet, in order to show how this ultimate stationary state of things is brought about, the author follows the progress of a forest-crop of uniform age from the seed through all the successive phases of life until it reaches maturity, bears seed in its turn, and finally declines in fertility and strength, until at last it passes away and its place is filled by a new generation. The last chapter treats of the enemies of the forest, especially fire, "reckless" lumbering, and sheep-grazing. We do not know that we can agree that stripping off a forest can properly be called "reckless" lumbering. Is it not often a method forced upon the owner by the State, which taxes this kind of pro-

perty at such a ruinous rate that no other course is open to him?

In its clear presentation of the rationale of its subject, in the force of its reasons enhanced by entire moderation, this tract is quite a little masterpiece. In reading it the book itself has seemed to us like a forest, first, in the simplicity of its style, and, second, in that it tempts us to go on and on by the calm refreshment of its sturdy, solemn truths. But it turns out altogether unlike a forest in coming to an end too soon, as well as by the circumstance that the reader is never for a moment at a loss to know at just what point of the argument he is or whither it is leading him. There is no literature in it, as moderns understand literature, yet the writer cannot conceal from us that he has been penetrated and baptized with the spirit of the woods.

"The forest," he says, "is as beautiful as it is useful. The old fairy tales which spoke of it as a terrible place are wrong. No one can really know the forest without feeling the gentle influence of one of the kindest and strongest parts of nature. Perhaps no other natural agent has done so much for the human race, and has been so recklessly used and so little understood."

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Adams, W. I. L. *Amateur Photography*. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Annesley, Charles. *The Standard Opera Glass*. Brentanos. \$1.50.
Baker, O. W. *Monopolies and the People*. New ed. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
Baum, F. L. *Father Goose*. Chicago: Geo. M. Hill Co.
Brontë, Charlotte. *Jane Eyre*. [Haworth Edition.] Harpers.
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Carroll, Stella W., and Jerome, Harriet L. *Boys and Girls of the Philippines*. The Morse Co.
Challin, P. du. *The Land of the Long Night*. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.
Closset and Altar. Boston: W. L. Greene & Co. \$1.
Coman, Prof. Katherine, and Kimball, Elizabeth. *A History of England*. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

Cook, Prof. A. S. *The Artistic Ordering of Life*. 35c.
Denning, E. W. *Indian Child Life*. F. A. Stokes Co. \$2.
Elliott, George. *Middlemarch*. 2 vols. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.50.
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Gissing, G. *The Crown of Life*. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
Hardesty, J. *The Mother of Trusts*. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.
Hesse-Wartegg, E. von. *Slam, das Reich des welschen Elefanten*. Leipzig: J. J. Weber.
Higginson, T. W. *Contemporaries*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.
Holland, F. M. *Liberty in the Nineteenth Century*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.
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Johnston, Annie F. *Two Little Knights of Kentucky*. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50c.
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Kotelman, L. *School Hygiene*. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. \$1.50.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. *Tales from Shakespeare*. Truslove, Hanson & Combs. \$1.50.
L'Estrange, Sir R. *A Hundred Fables of Æsop*. John Lane.
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St. John, H. *The Voyage of the Avenger*. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.
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Strang, L. C. *Famous Actresses of the Day*. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.
Sudermann, H. *Der Katzensteg*. Edited by Prof. E. W. Wells. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40c.
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Van Dyke, H. *Fisherman's Luck*. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.
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Windelband, Dr. W. *History of Ancient Philosophy*. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.
Wise, J. S. *The End of an Era*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.
Wood, H. *The Political Economy of Natural Law and Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography*. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Wormeley, Katherine P. *The Correspondence of Princess Palatine, Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, and Madame de Maintenon*. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.
Wright, Julia McN. *A Bonnie Boy*. American Tract Society. \$1.
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